UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN
BOOKSTACKS

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

OCT 03 1985

APR 11 1990

L161—O-1096

THE CATHOLIC.

THE

CATHOLIC,

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY

W. H. IRELAND,

AUTHOR OF THE ABBESS, 4 VOL. GONDEZ, OR THE MONK, 4 VOL.
&c. &c. &c.

To every sect the Protestant's a friend
By heav'n instructed mercy to extend,
Not so the Catholic; for he alone;
Condemns unheard all tenets but his own,
Hugs to his breast the hope of future grace,
And hurls damnation on the human race.

VOL I.

LONDON;

PRINTED FOR W. EARLE, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1807.

Arliss & Huntsman, Printers, 32, Gutter-lane, Cheapside.

823
I25c
v.1

THE CATHOLIC.

CHAPTER I.

This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroak,
That wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was at the ever memorable period of the fifth of November, being the night subsequent to the feast of Allhallows day, in the year of grace 1606, that Mabel Donavan, the solitary inhabitant of a melancholy chamber in a dwelling in the outskirts of Westminster, sat watching over the slumbers of her harmless babe.

The gloomy mantle of the night had obscured the radiant beam of jocund day, and as the melancholy period of rest had shed its influence over the human mind, the northern blast had arisen accompanied with heavy rain, which was drifted against the lattice of Mabel's chamber.

"Roar on ye winds," exclaimed the sullen Donavan, "and still thou pityless rain beat rudely against yon casement; such sounds are well calculated to feed my melancholy, and rock this wretched infant in the care soothing arms of renovating sleep—but for me there is no repose—a canker preys upon my heart, and gloomy desperation nerves my breast with more than female heroism."

While Mabel spoke, the infant heav'd a deep fetch'd sigh as if its little bosom was convulsed with some horrific vision that will so oft obtrude itself, and give to sweet

repose more horrors than our waking thoughts give birth to, or the untoward scenes of life present, to make us loath existence as a curse.—" 'Tis well, my bade," exclaimed Mabel, " for even thou canst keep me company in sadness, and there seems to exist a sympathy between us."—Still louder roared the blast of night and still more furious beat the rain, as Donavan in silence, sometimes bent her gaze upon the infant, and at others fixed her stedfast eye upon the ivory crucifix that stood beside her, receiving the pale glare of a lamp which rested on the table.

On a sudden a melancholy sound was wafted on the blast : it was the tolling of the abbey bell that spoke with brazen tongue the eleventh hour of night. As Mabel numbered each succeeding stroke, she slowly shook her head, and peevishly exclaimed.

"So late O'Mara, what can be the im-
"perious summons that keeps thee thus
"from Mabel's presence? has then such a
"pityless night more charms for thee, than
"her who gave thine infant birth, and toils
"unceasingly in thy behalf—O man! un-
"grateful and unfeeling man! 'tis in thy
"service wretched woman toils to be re-
"quited in the end with cool neglect, or
"treated with barbarity."

Mabel at the conclusion of this involuntary exclamation sunk into the same pensive mood which had previously entranced every faculty of her soul, while the inclemency of the night continued still unabated, seeming to keep pace with the sullen gloom that overpowered her spirits.

Thus rolled on the time, when towards the hour of twelve a hasty footstep was heard upon the stairs, which awakened Donavan from her meditation, who at the

well known sound arose from her seat and opened the portal of the chamber, when at that moment, Moor O'Mara, pale and with dishevelled hair, rushed precipitately forward, and staggering a few paces seated himself almost breathless, while horror and dismay, were legibly imprinted on his lowering visage.

The person of Moor O'Mara was of the middle stature, and although the lineaments of his countenance apparently indicated one of more advanced age, he had not yet attained his four-and-twentieth year —His hair was dark and his complexion sallow, while his sunken eyes seemed to emit malignant fire as they unceasingly rolled within their sockets, his eye brows were bristley and his bushy beard gave an additional air of ferocity to the general contour of his visage—deep furrows had imprinted themselves on his forehead, the effect of his unceasing gloomy meditations, whil

the flush of health had long forsaken his cheek; his slouched beaver seemed to have felt the effects of time, and his grey doublet and loose tanned boots were of the plainest fashion; at his side hung a long rapier formed by its make for hardy work, and not suspended by the belt for show, while his muscular form seemed well calculated to wield it in actual service should necessity urge him to put it into action.

Such was the appearance of Moor O' Mara, to whom Mabel advanced after having eyed him for a time with the utmost scrutiny, when seizing him by the arm she exclaimed:

"And must I then be doubly tortured O'Mara, is it not sufficient that I should thus await thy coming, but that when thou returnest, thou meetest me with a clouded brow, nor even from thy lips can

I draw one word of comfort—what ails thee Moor? speak! tell me I conjure thee?"

As Donavan concluded; O'Mara raising his regard which had till that moment remained rivetted on the ground, fixed his penetrating eyes on the features of Mabel with an expression which even thrilled her soul and after a few seconds giving vent to an agonized groan O'Mara exclaimed.

"We are undone and the malice of hell "hath overwhelmed us—but my friends "may Jesu and Maria preserve them."

"What means O'Mara?" resumed Mabel, astonished at the late apostrophe, "what purposes of thine, unknown to "me, have been frustrated, and who are "the friends for whom thou claimest the "intervention of the world's redeemer? "speak, I conjure thee."

"We must away," replied Moor, after a short pause and starting from his seat, "yes, I at least must fly accursed Lon-"don's precincts, to 'scape the eye of jus-"tice. By the Holy Trinity, but I will yet "pour vengeance down and hurl destruc-"tion on the damned sons of heresy, yes, by "the blood of Christ they shall not suffer "unrevenged, while Moor O'Mara lives to "boast the blessed name of Catholic."

As the last words escaped the lips of Moor, he struck his forehead with his left hand and grasping the handle of his sword in part unsheathed it, while gnashing his teeth a half stifled curse found vent, which seemed to tranquillize in some degree the malignant rage that boiled within his breast.

"I too can curse the enemies of heaven," exclaimed Donavan, grasping O' Mara's arm with one hand while she di-

rected the index finger of the other to the crucifix upon the table, " Look on that " memento Moor ; confide to me the se- " cret of thy soul, and thou shalt find me " as apt in council, as resolute in action, " propose the oath and by the eternal " damnation that awaits an heretic, I will " not faulter, but under thy guidance do " all that may ensure me beatification in " the world to come."

" I have taken the sacrament and sworn " to be for ever mute," replied O'Mara, " but soon will public clamour unfold to " thee the mystery. For thine unshaken " constancy to the papal cause, and rooted " hatred to the reigning faith of this devo- " ted land my thanks are thine Mabel— " Oh ! such a scheme, one luckless mo- " ment hath overthrown ; as would have " canonized the actors names for ever."— Moor for a time continued mute, while conflicting passions were delineated in

every gesture ; turning his regard at length upon the sleeping infant he proceeded thus.

" Thinkst thou that babe will learn to
" reverence our tenets, thinkst thou Ma-
" bel that he will lisp deep curses with his
" earliest speech upon the race of heretics.
" If e'er I thought that he would faulter
" in the true belief, e'en now would I
" with pleasure bathe this weapon in his
" blood, and give his carcase to the ravens
" of the night."

" Fear not," resumed Mabel, " with his
" mother's milk he shall imbibe the sa-
" cred truth, or these my hands shall tear
" forth his recreant heart and give him to
" perdition."

" Hold," exclaimed O'Mara starting back, " whence proceeded that sound ?"

" It was the Abbey bell," resum'd Do-

navan, " that hath proclaimed the first " hour of morning."

" Then must I prepare for flight," replied O'Mara—" yet whither fly, for if no " lurking place be found in London, where " can I hide my head ? by mother church " I will defy the worst nor meanly " turn my back upon the cause I have " espoused. If Jesu wills that I should " suffer, then shall it appear how daunt- " lessly a catholic can meet his doom, and " die maintaining to his latest breath, the " cause in which he suffers. My soul is " bent unto this purpose, therefore pre- " pare Mabel, that we may forthwith quit " this habitation to elude research, for " on this step depends the life of him " who claims yon sleeping infant as his " own."

" I will be prompt to act as thou requirest," replied Mabel.

" Hast thon a weapon of defence," demanded Moor.

" None but mine own determination."

Drawing forth a dagger from his girdle, O'Mara presented it to Donavan and thus continued.

" Use it as necessity requires Mabel, " meanwhile toward Baynard's castle shall " I take my course, and there within the " private alley leading to the Thames, will " I await thy coming, rouse not the in- " mates of this mansion I command thee, " but on this table leave what is their " due ; here is sufficient gold,", said Moor, presenting several marks, " nay be " not astonished Donavan at sight of so " much wealth," continued Moor on observing the surprize which was depicted on Mabel's countenance, " Men who can " dare the worst in bless'd religion's cause " need never lack the Sovereign Pontiff's

" aid; farewel Donavan, at Baynard's we
" we shall meet again."

" I shall attend thee Mara, and may Je-
" su be thy guide," answered Mabel, as Moor descended the narrow staircase of the miserable mansion.

On the instant that O'Mara disappeared, Mabel Donavan proceeded to follow his dictates by securing such trifling moveables as she deemed requisite under existing circumstances, after which, taking her infant son from the cradle and wrapping him in her loose mantle together with the ivory crucifix; she was on the point of quitting the chamber, when suddenly the trampling of footsteps was heard upon the stairs and in a few seconds a guard abruptly entered the chamber, who presenting his halbert exclaimed, " Advance one
" step and death shall be the forfeit of thy
" temerity."

CHAP. II.

All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle,
It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG the noblemen who graced the court of king James the first of England, was the worthy lord Montegle, son and heir to the lord Morley, whose conduct had ever proved him to be as virtuous a subject in private life, as he was a loyal peer of the realm of Great Britain.

Ten days previous to the approaching meeting of the present parliament, lord Montegle being on the point of going to supper, one of his attendants entered the chamber of his lord and delivered into his hands a letter, the seal of which having broken, this nobleman read as follows.

MY LORD,

Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say, they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This council is

not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is past so soon as you have burnt the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it: to whose holy protection I commend you."

After considering for a time this anonymous scroll, his lordship conceived that no truth could be attached to the contents of this paper, which he laid aside as the mere invention of some individual desirous of putting his courage to the test, and proceeded to partake of the nightly repast.

In vain however did his lordship essay to dissipate the mental cogitations that assailed him, perplexing thoughts unceasingly obtruded themselves, and in opposition to his reason he could not refrain from a re-perusal of the mysterious communication; which being ended, he summoned the attendant who had delivered it, and

after questioning him as to the manner in which it had come into his possession, the domestic answered as follows.

"Being on my return home, my lord, to "attend your supper according to my "usual custom, I was accosted at some "little distance from the portal of this "mansion by a man whose general ap-"pearance indicated a desire that I should "not become acquainted with his physi-"ognomy, his hat being slouched over his "visage, and an ample cloak envelloping "his breast and shoulders. Having de-"manded whether or not I was your lord-"ship's attendant and received my answer "in the affirmative, the stranger forthwith "thrust into my hand the billet which I "delivered to your lordship, repeating "with great energy these words." "As "you love your master give this safely into "his possession." "When, without await-"ing any reply, the unknown forthwith

" darted from me and turning the corner
" of the street, instantly vanished from my
" sight."

Lord Montegle having listened attentively to this statement dismissed his servant, and after considering anew the contents of the paper, began to think that some business of a dangerous nature might be on the eve of accomplishment, and being also fully aware that no harm could accrue should his apprehensions prove unfounded, he determined on waiting on the earl of Salisbury his majesty's principal secretary of state, in order to make him acquainted with this extraordinary incident. Having formed this determination his lordship wrapped up in his cloak quitted his mansion at that late hour, and on his arrival at Whitehall was immediately introduced to the earl of Salisbury to whom he communicated the manner in which the letter had been delivered into the hand of

his attendant, and then proceeded to the perusal of the anonymous billet, the contents of which greatly astonished the earl, who having commended in the highest terms the caution of my lord Montegle, determined on laying the paper before the privy council the ensuing day.

According to the desire of the earl, the lord Montegle attended on the council, when every circumstance having been considered, it was agreed that the letter should be presented to king James on his return from a hunting party at Royston; where he was then engaged, and from whence he was expected to return within three days in order to attend the meeting of the parliament.

At the appointed time his majesty arrived in safety at Whitehall, and on the succeeding evening being engaged in the gallery of his palace, the earl of Salis-

bury there presented him the lord Montegle's letter, when after describing the manner of its delivery to that nobleman's attendant, he humbly requested the opinion of the king as to the meaning of the contents of the paper.

His majesty having perused the letter, paused awhile, and then reading it over a second time, thus addressed himself to the earl.

" My lord this caution should not be " contemned for it is herein stated that, *we* " *shall receive a terrible blow this parlia-* " *ment and yet not see who hurts us*, and " moreover, that, *the danger will be past*, " *so soon as this letter is burnt:* from this " my lord it is apparent that the danger " is momentary, and what can be more sud- " den than the blowing up of gunpowder?" King James then pausing for a time in deepest thought, continued thus, " It is

"our wish good lord of Salisbury that pre-
"vious to our attendance at the house of
"parliament, each avenue and cellar be
"narrowly inspected, as well for the safe-
"ty of our liege subjects as ourself."

The earl bowed assent, when by the advice of the privy council it was deemed expedient, that he should repair to act his majesty's pleasure on the evening previous to the assemblage of the parliament.

The catholic conspirators having arranged every thing for the ensuing day by conveying thirty six barrels of gunpowder into the cellars beneath the house of parliament, gloried in the idea of that horrible explosion which was at one fell moment to have annihilated the beloved and peaceful monarch James and all the senators of the realm of England.—Among these diabolical traitors ranked foremost Moor O' Mara, who with his bosom friend the

dauntless Guido Fawkes, disputed the enviable task of firing the annihilating train, which communicated with the barrels of dire combustion.

The resolute Guido Fawkes by ten at night had taken his station at the cellar door, when instantly appeared the fearless Moor O' Mara to whose charge was committed the task of arranging the subtle train of gunpowder. Having saluted each other in the name of the holy trinity as was their custom, O'Mara received from the hand of his friend the key of the portal, when instantly repairing to the cellar, he therein commenc'd his terrible occupation, whilst Guido Fawkes without the door, paid heedful note to every passenger.

Ere the eleventh hour all London was at peace, no footstep was heard to interrupt the purposes of these detested traitors, who almost looked upon this horrid

work as executed. While thus employed, the earl of Salisbury with lord Montegle and certain chosen noblemen, prepared to visit the house of parliament as had been agreed, whither they proceeded ere yet the abbey bell had sounded forth the dreary hour of midnight.

The incendiary Fawkes conceiving all secure, had stray'd some paces from the cellar door, leaving O'Mara at his horrid employ, while the earl of Salisbury and those accompanying him, approached the spot with caution, and before the artful Guido Fawkes had notice of their arrival, all hope of communicating the impending danger to his friend O'Mara, was at an end.

No sooner was the person of Fawkes perceived, than the earl gave orders for his immediate apprehension, in order to question his intent in being stationed there at

such a dreary hour, when there was found upon him a lanthern cased; with matches, flint and steel, fit implements for the purposes of an incendiary.

Fully convinced that the conspiracy was develloped and that a full discovery was at hand, and also fired with the hope of rescuing, if possible, his friend O'Mara, in order that he might give notice to the other sworn conspirators; the determined traitor Guido Fawkes, in terms of exultation confessed the purposed deed in an elevated tone of voice, in order if possible that his harangue might catch the ear of Moor O'Mara, and in this endeavour he succeeded, for his companion roused by the sound, stole quickly from the cellar and would have evaded every eye save that of Guido Fawkes, (which was scrutinizingly bent upon the door of the subterranean chamber, during the delivery of his speech;) had not the rancorous heart of

O'Mara prompted him to attempt a deed of desperation; for in the hope of wreaking some revenge, he at the peril of his own life was hastening back to fire the train when the sound of his footsteps aroused the attention of one of the earl's attendants, who having given the alarm, that nobleman issued orders that this second traitor should be pursued, when Moor O'Mara frustrated in this his last attempt, sought for safety in immediate flight, and by that means, although pursued, he gained in safety the chamber of his sullen partner, the watchful Mabel Donavan.

After the confession of Guido Fawkes, the earl of Salisbury gave orders that the cellar should undergo the strictest search, when a few bundles of faggots being cleared away the barrels of combustion were discovered, and by this means was prevented that horrid plot, which if exe-

cuted, would, have once more fettered Englishmen with the chain of bigotry, by giving up this land to all the horrors of relentless popery and sanguinary superstition.

CHAP. III.

My life I never hold but as a pawn
To wage against my foes ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

SHAKESPEARE.

I've heard myself proclaim'd,
————No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking.

However prompt Moor O'Mara had been in his escape from the scene of action, one of the guards, who was dispatched by the earl of Salisbury, had nevertheless traced his course at a consi-

derable distance, and although not altogether convinced whether he had discovered the mansion of the renegade traitor, he was nevertheless assured that the course of Moor O'Mara had led him to the street through which he then passed, in addition to which circumstance the soldier perceived a glimmering light in the chamber above, and from this appearance the guard was led to rush up the staircase and entered the apartment a few minutes after the disappearance of the sanguinary conspirator Moor O'Mara.

"What is thy purpose?" demanded Mabel Donavan, in a firm tone of voice, and with fearless demeanour.

"I am in pursuit of a traitor," replied the soldier, still pointing his halbert to the breast of the interrogator.

"Bravely spoken, fellow," answered

Mabel with a sneer, " and thinkest thou " then a poor defenceless woman is acces- " sary to treason, look at me ; know my " sex, and learn henceforth to be more " mannerly."

As the dauntless female spoke she advanced two paces with a dignified air, which so astonished the guard that he suffered Mabel to turn aside the weapon, who thus continued.

" If indeed thy purpose is to find a trai- " tor I will attend thee in the search," As Donavan spoke she raised the lamp from the table, and then exclaimed, significantly, " for no one is more calculated " than myself to aid the cause she has " espoused."

The soldier, quite petrified, regarded Mabel with wonder, not knowing whether most to admire her personal courage, or

the resolute language she had adopted on the present occasion, from which however being fully convinced in his own mind that he must have been mistaken in respect to the mansion he had entered, the following enquiry was made by the soldier.

"Knowest thou if any catholic dwells "within these walls?"

"I know there are such as catholics "call heretics," replied Mabel, in a sullen tone of voice, alluding to the other inhabitants of the mansion, which contained many different families.

"Why wast thou up at this late hour," continued the guard.

"The cries of a child demand the atten- "dance of its mother," was the answer of Mabel, who at the same time pointed to her babe.

"Thou knowest not then of any catho-
"lic or suspected person?" resumed the soldier.

"The guiltless are free from all suspi-
"cion," replied Mabel, "therefore I know
"not of any one suspected."

"Woman, farewell," answered the soldier, turning towards the stairs.

"Good morning," exclaimed the haughty Donavan, following his steps, as she eternally gloried in the effect her conduct had produced.

Mabel having thus evaded the imminent danger which threatened the father of her babe, determined on acting with infinite caution, in consequence of which, having carefully unclosed the lattice which commanded a view of the street, she observed with a cautious look the direction taken

by the soldier who had so recently quitted her, when conceiving him sufficiently removed from the mansion, she once more raised the bundle which had been thrown aside on the alarm of footsteps having caught her ear, and after depositing upon the table what was due to the owner of the habitation according to the commands of Moor O'Mara, Donavan extinguished the lamp, and turning the key descended with a light step down the staircase, and in a few seconds found herself in the street, when taking a course diametrically opposite to that which the soldier had pursued, she proceeded with the utmost speed to joinher fugitive companion near Baynard's castle.

On quitting his residence Moor O'Mara had proceeded, for a few minutes, with the utmost expedition towards the place appointed, when the idea suddenly struck him, that he had not warned Mabel to

avoid as much as possible the neighbourhood of the house of parliament, when she should sally forth to join him; forcibly impressed with this remembrance and knowing full well that a strong body of guards awaited the summons of the earl of Salisbury, who would without distinction arrest any passenger that should then appear upon the spot, O'Mara was on the point of retracing his steps, in order to caution Donavan, when at that precise juncture his eye caught the back figure of the soldier, who still pursued and had lost sight of him during his short continuance with Mabel; at this juncture self-preservation was alone to be attended to, and trusting therefore to the art of his partner, with which he was fully acquainted, he muttered forth a blessing in the name of the Virgin Mary, and instantly proceeded unobserved towards the secret passage adjoining Baynard's castle.

As Moor O'Mara entered the appointed avenue he suddenly made a halt, on perceiving in the distance the figure of a man approaching towards him: a moment's consideration however convinced him that his life was at stake, and that in case of surprise he had only to rely on his personal valour, in order to effect an escape, drawing his dagger therefore with the left hand, and grasping his sword with the right he advanced with firm step to meet the intruder, being in a great measure envelloped in the folds of his ample cloak.

Having gained the person of the stranger O'Mara made a halt, exclaiming at the same time in a firm tone.

"Who passes there?"

"I know thee," replied the person addressed, "and Jesú be with thee faithful "Moor O'Mara."

"Is it not the reverend father, superior "of the English jesuits, that speaks?"

"'Tis I, Henry Garnet, the staunch ad- "herent of our cause, though ruined as "thou knowest O'Mara."

"May bitter curses light upon the "damned chance that hath overthrown "the act which would have canonized our "names in heaven."

"Amen," said Garnet, at the same time crossing himself devoutly. "How little "did I suppose, when to each sworn fel- "low in this blessed cause, I gave the sa- "crament, and administered the oath, "that such would have been the termina- "tion of our glorious plot."

"Who attended the secret consultation "this night?" demanded O'Mara.

"*Catesby*, the two *Winters*, *Piercy*, "*Rookewood*, *Grant*, and *Sir Everard* "*Digby*; but how didst thou escape "O'Mara, and whither have they led the "trusty Guido Fawkes?"

"I know not," replied Moor O'Mara, who instantly proceeded to detail every circumstance which had transpired from the moment when the arrestation of Fawkes had taken place; after which he demanded of Garnet whither had fled the other conspirators, and what was the plan they intended pursuing under the existing emergency.

"Catesby hath appointed a consultation "at Dunchurch," replied the priest, "for "myself, I shall not attend the meeting, "for all is lost, and it is therefore my ad-"vice that every one should consult his "individual safety in immediate flight."

"Is it yet known how the plot could
"be unravelled?"

"All we could gather I will tell thee,
"Mara," replied Garnet, who then related
as follows.

"On the sunday night Bates entered
"Thomas Winter's chamber, saying that
"a letter had been forwarded to the lord
"Monteagle, praying him not to attend in
"person the meetingof theEnglish parlia-
"ment. Good Catesby and myself then
"being at White Webbs near to Enfield
"chace, Winter came thither at full speed
"telling us that the matter was disclosed,
"and advising that we all should endea-
"vour to escape beyond seas, but Piercy
"swore a horrid oath, vowing to stand or
"fall by the event, and brave the utmost
"peril; to this did Catsby also agree,
"when every one straight yielded his ac-
"cord, vowing to die a martyr, or act the
"purpose he designed."

"Who forwarded that tell-tale letter to "the lord Monteagle," demanded O'Mara, in the bitterness of his soul.

"None could we suspect but Tres- "ham," answered Garnet, "yet when we "questioned him he swore most solemnly "the fact had never been by him di- "vulged."

"What thinkest thou, father Garnet? "was Tresham false or not?"

"On my soul I know not how to judge, "and yet, as far as circumstantial evi- "dence will go, I think him guilty of the "fact."

"Then mark me, Garnet," replied O'Mara, seizing the arm of the priest, and grasping it firmly, "For that shall Tresham "answer with his blood—by the Holy "Trinity, he dies."

"So best," returned Garnet, "if he be "innocent thou send'st his soul to hea- "ven, if he is guilty thou stand'st absolved, "and he receives in hell the recompence "of treachery. But hold, who comes "here," exclaimed the father, observing a female enter the narrow passage.

"Peace," returned O'Mara, "'tis Mabel "Donavan, the partner of my bed, who "with her infant child is hither cometo "share the hardships that await me."

As O'Mara concluded, he was joined by Mabel, who gazed with a look of enquiry on the person of the jesuit Garnet, on observing which O'Mara exclaimed.

"Behold a friend, Donavan, a catholic "most staunch, and a right ghostly father "of the church of Rome."

Mabel, bowing her head with reverence, continued silent.

"For whom dost thou attend," said O'Mara, addressing his speech to Garnet.

"I wait the coming of Keys and "Grant."

"Commend me to them," returned O'Mara, "and till we meet again farewell."

"My blessing be with thee" replied the priest, "Remember Tresham."

"As surely as he must die," answered O Mara with peculiar emphasis.

"I know thee trusty Moor, once more farewell."

Followed by Mabel Donavan; O Mara instantly hastened down the passage and on gaining the Thames, they entered a boat and proceeded to cross the River, while Mabel related to his astonished ear,

the intrusion of the guard and the subsequent conduct she had adopted.

" Passed you by the House of Parlia-
" ment in your way hither ?" demanded O'Mara, after applauding the conduct of his female partner.

" No," replied Mabel, " 'twas in that
" direction the guard proceeded on leaving
" our dwelling, in consequence of which
" I took a different route."

" And thereby hast thou saved thyself
" and me, at least for the present," said O'Mara in a pensive tone.

" What means this mystery," demanded Mabel with earnestness.

" Be patient," returned O'Mara, " thou
" wilt know all ere long without my stir."

Donavan was silent and in a few seconds the boat gained the opposite shore, when Moor O'Mara springing to land, Mabel followed with her babe. Having lashed the bark in safety, the dark minded fugitive followed by his partner, proceeded onward with downcast look and pensive step ruminating on the plan most expedient to be adopted in order to secure himself, and if possible wreak his vengeance at some future period on those he deemed the enemies of the blessed Redeemer ofmankind.

CHAP. IV.

How weak the efforts of obdurate guilt,
When placed in opposition to the claims,
Of upright justice :—See where the villain skulks
And from the eye of day at midnight seeks
To scarf his guilty head.

The culprit stands confessed; his very look
Bespeaks the perturbation of his soul.
Mark ye his palid front, his gloomy eye,
To earth cast down—behold his livid cheek
His lip unsteady and of bloodless hue
And say if that be not the villain.

W. H. I.

THE day subsequent to the elucidation of the gunpowder conspiracy and the apprehension of Guido Fawkes, a proclamation was issued by government, setting forth

the discovery of the horrid explosion which was to have taken place, and exhorting the people of England to use their most strenuous endeavours in order to bring to condign punishment the several persons concerned in this diabolical conspiracy.

In the mean time the resolute Guido Fawkes underwent several examinations before the privy council; who maintained the most contemptuous silence, only deigning to answer certain questions in the most equivocal language, treating his superiors with indifference, and maintaining a sullen and dignified reserve towards such inferior officers as conceived themselves entitled to interrogate him. But vain was all this contumacy, when put in competition with the persevering and vigilant methods resorted to by those who presided at the helm of the state, from whose indefatigable research various documents were brought to light tending

to elucidate the infernal plot, as well as to discover the names of the principal agents concerned in this guilty combination.

Fully convinced that a complete devellopement was at hand, the several conspirators fled into Warwickshire, and from thence to Worcestershire, where urged to desperation they practised open rebellion, rearing the standard of catholicism, and endeavouring to assemble as many adherents to the cause as possible, but all their attempts were frustrated by the vigorous measures which were adopted by the respective Sheriffs of those two counties, who soon routed the miscreant band, which never consisted of more than eighty persons, till at length the leaders of this conspiracy sought refuge in a mansion-house in Worcestershire, where they proceeded to barricado the doors and prepare for a resolute defence. In vain did the assailants demand a peacable entry,

the catholic traitors remained firm to their determination, but at the precise moment when they prepared for defence, a quantity of damp gunpowder which they had placed at a distance from the fire, in order to render it fit for service, suddenly blew up, by which accident some of the ringleaders were so scarified as to be incapable of defending the mansion. Finding that heaven itself conspired against their practices by turning their own weapons against themselves; Piercy and Catesby agreed that the portal of the mansion should be thrown open, when placing themselves back to back within the passage, a bullet from the assailants in one moment slew them both, and in the next fell the two Wrights, brothers and sturdy ringleaders in rebellion's cause; upon which the several others were instantaneously surrounded and made prisoners, being shortly after escorted to the English capital, there to be arraigned and

tried for their infernal practices against their liege sovereign, the religion, laws, and liberty of the realm of Britain.

From the secret examinations which took place before the council, it was well known that Garnet the Jesuit and two others of the same society, privy to the plot were not yet secured, but these were considered but as secondary engines in the foul conspiracy when put in competition with the fugitive Moor O'Mara, concerning whom every enquiry and research was set on foot, though the council cautiously concealed from the public the escape of this daring villain, least his being at liberty might create popular dissatisfaction, when it was out of the power of government to appease it by bringing forward the delinquent in order to share with his associates the just reward of their diabolical perfidy.

Followed by Mabel Donavan, O'Mara

proceeded by the margin of the river Thames till he arrived near the venerable pile dedicated to Saint Mary Ouverie, at a short distance from which edifice, he well knew an asylum calculated to screen himself and his partner from observation. It was a small catholic chapel beneath a private habitation, wherein unceasingly burned a lamp before the effigies of the redeemer of the world. Within this pile was every morning celebrated the Mass in presence of a few chosen adherents to the catholic faith, amongst whom O'Mara ranked foremost, who as well as all those permitted to resort to this spot, was initiated into the mystery of the asylum and thereby enabled to enter at all periods within the walls of the edifice.

Moor O'Mara having looked carefully around and observing no intruder touched a secret spring which moved with facility the strong iron bar, that previously ap-

peared a very sufficient impediment to the entrance of any individual within the walls of the mansion, the portal moved with ease upon its hinges, when Mabel Donavan entered a dark passage, while O'Mara instantly closed the door behind them and every object was buried in impenetrable darkness. Moor then grasping the arm of his partner led her in silence through the winding avenue which terminated with a second portal, this her conductor having also unclosed, they entered the subterranean sanctuary dedicated to the praises of the immaculate mother of God.

On beholding this shrine, before which gleamed the sickly rays of an unsteady flame, the bigoted Donavan instinctively dropping on her knees, began to offer up an Ave Maria with all the energy of superstition, during which period Moor O' Mara with arms folded o'er his breast, sometimes paced the chapel and at others

made a halt, while his physiognomy wore evident marks of the jarring passions which at that moment rent his inmost soul.

In this situation the fugitives remained until the seventh hour of morning, when a portal opposite to that by which they had entered this cavernous abode, was suddenly thrown open, and a male form appeared arrayed in the sacerdotal garments of a catholic priest, who instantly advanced with the cordiality of an old friend to greet O'Mara, with whom he entered into conversation in a low tone of voice, the purport of their conference obviously relating to the presence of Mabel Donavan within the chapel. At the termination of this harangue, the stranger advanced to Mabel Donavan, on whose head he bestowed the fatherly benediction, and after having trimmed the lamp, which it was his duty to keep unceasingly burning, he bade O'Mara and Mabel follow his steps

when quitting the chapel through the door by which he had so recently entered, they ascended a flight of steps and were soon ushered into a small apartment, when the priest proceeded to place before his guests such viands as were at hand, producing also proper nutriment for the infant which Mabel bore in her arms. Having eaten of the repast, Donavan, wearied in body as in mind, intimated a desire of enjoying if possible a few minutes rest, with which request the priest immediately acquiesced by ushering her into an adjoining chamber, where Mabel with her babe sought for a time to lull her harassed spirits in the benign arms of care-soothing sleep.

Not so the rugged Moor O'Mara, his soul attuned to the discordant sounds of vengeance, murder, and rebellion, felt not the attacks of hunger or fatigue, bigotry reconciled his conscience to the adoption of any plan tending to forward the catho-

LIBRARY UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

lic faith, for if lenient measures were of no avail, force was the next plea, and should thousands yield up their souls he experienced no yearnings of compassion, for the principle of his creed instructed him that heretics were sealed for eternal damnation, to convert them therefore by any means was praise-worthy, and if obdurate, they were sacrificed; O'Mara deemed it a just reward for their perverseness in rejecting the road to everlasting salvation.

Wholly swayed by these cogitations a variety of ideas crowded on his brain; pity for his friends and sworn comrade Guido Fawkes, aroused the fiend of blackest vengeance, who lorded it o'er his heart, then would he recur to that individual, who it was conceived had brought the mystery to light, at such moments he gnashed his teeth, and groaned in agony, while from his pale and trembling lips

escaped the vow of bitterest revenge. Sometimes the forms of retributive justice floated on his imagination, he beheld in mind the sworn conspirators in chains, and ready to hear the dread behest of law, anon would the vision change, when all the paraphernalia of execution presented itself to appal his soul ; at the suggestion however contempt nerved O'Mara's mind, and cowardice fled abashed before the stern brow of gloomy desperation ; he would then strike his front with vehemence, stamp upon the earth, and curse himself for the transitory pusillanimity which had unman'd his spirit.

About the eleventh hour of day, Donavan, somewhat refreshed, arose from the bed; all London was in confusion, on every side appeared the royal proclamation, while bodies of guards patrolled the streets searching minutely every mansion suspected of being favourable to the ca-

tholic cause, and although unknown to the common soldiery, each officer was 'ere long in full possession of a written document descriptive of the person of O'Mara, and most of his associates.

But Moor was too well acquainted with the imminent danger not to be prepared for the worst, and on that account had he sought refuge in the secret chapel as the inmates of the mansion were unknown to all as catholics : outwardly practising as friends of the protestant cause, in addition to which the chambers occupied by the priest were detached from the main building, neither were any visitants of his known to the family of Roland Bertie, the occupier of the dwelling; but not from the dread of personal danger originated all this precaution in the mind of O'Mara, the hope of revenging his friends was the sole incentive of his conduct, as he would have suffered the rack and every torture

rather than have disowned his faith, confessed his guilt or interceeded for mercy at the hands of heretics.

In this seclusion O'Mara continued during the day while the priest his friend made every enquiry in London, in order to ascertain the fate of the conspirators, and the conduct pursued by government, from which O'Mara was informed of the examinations of Guido Fawkes, the flight of his friends, and the pursuit which was set on foot to apprehend them.

As the dark hour of night approached, Moor having previously instructed the priest, commanded Mabel to attend them with her infant son, this order she instantly acquiesced with, when O'Mara descended into the chapel, and in a few minutes the father began the celebration of mass, to which Mabel attended with that supersti-

tious awe so prevalent among the female devotees of the catholic persuasion.

At the termination of this ceremony O'Mara taking his son from the arms of its mother, advanced to the altar when the priest, raising his hands towards heaven, commanded Moor to speak his will; when the father thus commenced his horrid vow.

"Blessed be the Holy Trinity, and may "its fostering protection ever be extended "to this child of my loins, Reginald "O'Mara, so long as he continues in the "track which has characterized his pro-"genitors; may he in the bitterness of "his soul blaspheme and swear eternal "enmity to all unbelievers in the aposto-"lick faith; may he by stratagem and "blood endeavour to avenge the cause of "those who will doubtless fall victims to "their heretical judges, may his life be

"characterized in supporting the papal
"dignity, and may he by every method
"endeavour to establish the tenets of ever-
"lasting salvation in this accursed land;
"but should he faulter in any of these
"points, may the blasting vengeance of a
"father's curse pursue his recreant spirit;
"may he be blighted with penury and
"withering disease, and may the burn-
"ing agonies of everlasting perdition
"parch up his sinews, and seal him for
"damnation in the world to come."

As O'Mara concluded this diabolical supplication, the priest laying his hands on the babe, muttered a latin prayer as sanctioning the blasphemous wish, while Mabel (whose masculine spirit had not even shrunk during O'Mara's exclamation) awed by the ceremony of the ghostly father, added her supplications for the fulfillment of the prayer of Moor; after

which the infant was again delivered to her care, when they quitted the chapel, and shortly after retired to rest.

CHAP. V.

Inscrutable are all thy ways, Great God,
Else wherefore had the villain 'scap'd the lash
Of dread punition?—Why were the prison bars
Reop'd to give him once more to the blinded world;
That he might prowl the enemy avowed
Of human kind?—Hold, Hold, presumptous man,
Nor seek to question the Divinity!—

There is such potent charms in this same drug
This deadly dust—That let one little grain
Steal through the human breast and death ensues—
In vain would skill encounter the destructive power
Not Æsculapius' self with all his stores
Of balms could stay its ravage—
Naught but the hand of him who made thee.—

In this seclusion continued the conspirator and his partner for a few days, during

which period from the unremitting enquiries of the priest; O'Mara learned the seizure of his friends, and their imprisonment in London, as also the preparations which were making for their arraignment and trial. Bearing in mind the vowwhich he had made to the jesuit Garnet, and thirsting to wreak his vengeance on his associate Tresham, the individual suspected of sending the letter to my lord Montegle, O'Mara planned a thousand schemes, in order to put his purpose into effect if possible, though he carefully concealed the cogitations of his mind from the knowledge of Mabel.

Having intimated to his companion the necessity there was for his being disguised as much as possible, and Mabel from the conversation which had transpired between the priest and O'Mara, being fully assured that Moor was a ringleader in the gunpowder conspiracy, al-

though such a confession had never escaped the lips of the daring renegade, she in consequence, forwarded as much as possible the views of O'Mara, who made all the alteration necessary in his phisognomy, by cutting off his beard and whiskers, as also shaving away his eye-brows, and assuming a dress in every respect dissimilar to that which he had been accustomed to wear. Having had recourse to these precautions, Moor attended the celebration of mass at an early hour in the morning, having previously received absolution at the confessional, when he took the sacrament, that in case of surprise he might be prepared according to his own belief for the eternal glory which awaits the just in a future state, as O'Mara had solemnly determined to resist every attack, and either ensure an escape, or die in the bold attempt, by the hands of his assailants; as self immolation was diametrically opposite to the tenets he professed.

Being thus disguised, O'Mara bade farewell to Mabel Donavan and the infant, when hastening to the private entrance into the chapel, he drew back the bolts, and shortly found himself at liberty.

Prepared for every impending danger, he marched to the most frequented parts of London with dauntless demeanour, disdaining to assume an air of timidity, which would have tended most to his discovery. Having proceeded thus, from the city westward, upon his near approach to the house of parliament, which he had an internal wish to behold in gloomy malignity, he was suddenly crossed in his way by an officer of his majesty's guards, who seizing his arm, drew a paper from his pocket, which he perused with earnestness; at the same time fixing his eyes with scrutiny on the features and form of Moor, who never attempted to resist the motions of the enquirer, but with a sneer exclaimed.

"I trust we shall be better acquainted "Sir, when you have satisfied yourself, "that I am not the person you seek."

"Surely 'tis he," muttered the officer, who heeded not the address of Moor, but still continued to reperuse the paper, which was no other than a description of the figure, and features of the conspirator himself.

"For whom dost thou take me?" demanded O'Mara, with a contemptuous look.

"Thou art surely Moor O'Mara the "conspirator," replied the guard, "for "whom such unremitting search hath been "vainly set on foot and yet," continued the officer hesitating as if some doubt arose in his mind, when O'Mara seizing this favourable turn in the opinion of the individual, who still continued to grasp

his arm, bursting into a forced laugh, replied:

"This is the second time I have been "honoured with so dignified a title—cap- "tain, my name is Edward Darcy, and "Litchfield my place of birth and habita- "tion, where should opportunity so serve, "that you should ever march, my doors "will be open to receive you."

This feigned and artful frankness totally deceived the officer, who made excuses for the detention of O'Mara, but the bold renegade determining to enact his part with even more finished cunning, proceeded to enter into conversation with the guard respecting the heinous crime of the diabolical catholics, as he was pleased to term them; when to his no small astonishment he was given to understand, that the very officer with whom he then conversed, was the individual that night appointed

to head the watch at the Gate-house prison, wherein was then confined the object of O'Mara's vengeance, the conspirator Tresham.

Upon gaining this welcome intelligence a bold expedient suddenly rush'd upon the inventive brain of Moor, who instantaneously proceeded to address the officer as follows.

"A sin of such diabolical magnitude, "must surely have been put in practice by "men of more than ordinary appearance: "I know not how it is; but curiosity which "is ever awake in the human breast, is most "particularly so with me on the present oc-"casion, and there is really nothing I would "not hazard; could I be permitted to see "and converse for a few minutes, with one "of the confederates in this Gunpowder "Plot."

The officer in whom every suspicion had

been lulled by the previous conference which had taken place between himself and O'Mara, instantly tendered his services by assuring Moor that he would himself accompany him that night to the cell of Tresham, if it would at all gratify his curiosity.

After having expressed his sincere acknowledgment, for this proof of his politeness, the officer would have appointed a place of meeting for the evening, but the artful Moor conceiving that while absent, fresh doubts might obtrude themselves on the mind of the guard, determined to remain with his companion during the remainder of the day, and in order to effect this point he politely requested the officer's attendance with him to an adjoining tavern, in order that they might dine together at the cost of O'Mara, who insisted on that as the grand preliminary; having at length acquiesced they proceeded to the

appointed mansion, and after having partaken of the repast, Moor accompanied by the officer who became his guide on this occasion, escorted him to the cellar so well known to O'Mara, where he proceeded to explain the whole manner of the apprehension of Fawkes and the escape of his friend Moor, together with every subsequent step which had been taken by the vigilance of government. Thus passed on the hours until the period arrived when it was necessary for the officer to attend with his men, in order to relieve the guard at the Gate-house, whither he repaired accompanied by the exulting Moor O'Mara, whose soul already glutted in imagination on the vengeance which he fervently hoped he was on the point of putting into effect.

On their arrival at the jail, the officer having stationed his men, informed O' Mara that he should shortly be enabled to gratify his desire and requesting therefore

that he would for a time await his return in the guard room, he quitted the chamber leaving Moor not altogether satisfied at this proceedure. After the lapse of some time spent in this state of suspense, the officer at length returned according to his promise, when he informed O'Mara that he was then at leisure to acquiesce with his wishes. Upon which Moor followed his steps, and after proceeding down a dark avenue they were met by one of the gaolors to whom the officer spake in a whisper, when the keeper turning, requested they would follow his steps, and after traversing several passages they halted at the portal of a dungeon, the bars of which being withdrawn, a massive key shot back the bolts of the lock, when O'Mara and the officer found themselves within the chamber which was illumined only by the rays of a lamp that hung from the stone ceiling.

At this juncture the dark soul of Moor heaved with the gloomy thrill of vengeance, as stretched upon a bench he gazed upon the figure of his former associate in villany, the guilty Tresham, who labouring under a degree of bodily anguish scarcely noticed the persons of the intruders.

From the contemplations which usurped emporium o'er his mind, O'Mara was speedily awakened by the voice of his conductor, who requested that the gaolor would permit them to continue a time with the delinquent, which desire was willingly complied with; the keeper having first intimated his intention of securing the portal on the outer side, when quitting the dungeon, Moor and the officer were left alone in company with the prisoner Tresham.

"You see I have fulfilled my promise,"

said the officer addressing O'Mara, "It now "remains with you to arouse and converse "with one of these traitors whose atrocity "hath in your estimation stamped him "unworthy the rank of man."

The mind of Moor was so absorbed that he merely noticed the conclusive part of his conductor's address, when bending his head in token of assent, he approached the person of Tresham, who had raised his visage and was examining with a scrutinizing eye the persons of Moor and the officer of the guard.—The principle of vengeance had in this instance nearly overcome the cooler impulse of reason, when the latter reflection suddenly flashed upon the brain of Moor, who instantly remembered that his person though disguised might not escape the discernment of Tresham, when a sudden ejaculation from the lips of the prisoner would inevitably involve him in a similar situation: warned by this reflection to

a sense of his danger, O'Mara turned to observe the peron of the officer, who remained several paces behind him paying little attention to what transpired, on observing which, Moor fixing his piercing eyes full upon those of Tresham, placed his finger to his lips, and then hastily made the sign of the cross on his breast with his right hand in order to notify to his colleague that he was an adherent of the catholic cause.

The prisoner noticing this conduct in his visitant, raised himself on the bench, and after gazing anxiously on O'Mara, gave token that his person was not unknown to him by returning the sign and making a slight inclination of the head. When Moor, in order to evade suspicion, thus addressed the prisoner.

"Curiosity hath prompted me to desire "this introduction, that I might behold

" the person of one of those concerned in
" the late dreadful conspiracy, and sorry
" am I to regard in you one of the indivi-
" viduals branded with that horrid crime."

As Moor O'Mara delivered these words it was obvious by the gesticulations of Tresham that the voice of the speaker had identified his altered person to be that of his colleague O'Mara, he however repressed his astonishment as much as possible, and with a degree of calmness replied.

" No man is guilty until the law hath
" passed its sentence, and even in such
" cases the law itself is not infallible;
" many innocent have suffered and I
" among the rest may die a victim and a
" martyr."

As Tresham delivered these words, a malignant smile played on the features of O'Mara, which was by the prisoner at-

tributed to different motives from those which really agitated the soul of his associate in villainy. After a moment's pause Moor continued:

"Dar'st thou assume to thyself the title "of martyr?"

"I dare avouch it," answered Tresham, with firmness, fixing his regard full upon the phisiognomy of the interrogator, with a look of mingled enquiry and astonishment.

O'Mara, slowly shaking his head, replied, "Then dost thou rank thyself among "the blessed in heaven?"

"I do," exclaimed the prisoner, with ardour, and looking significantly at O' Mara, when he continued, "And should we "not trust in heaven? Is there not *hope*

"while life still animates this earthly
"frame?"

Moor continued silent, but by a slight inclination of the head conveyed to Tresham his seeming acquiescence, with the interrogatory purposely put to him by the prisoner, when unclosing his hand he presented to the eyes of the observant Tresham a small folded paper, which he had previously arranged, and which he dropped to the earth, on turning from his colleague, as he perceived that the eyes of the officer were not occupied in contemplating his actions.

The conduct of Moor struck deep into the soul of Tresham, who was led to imagine from this appearance of his friend in the conspiracy, that some plot was to be unravelled from the contents of the paper so purposely dropped by O'Mara, and that the whole would terminate in his escape

from prison and the punishment of the law which awaited him. Under this idea he instantly arose from his prostrate position on the bench, and placed his foot upon the document in order to conceal it from observation.—Fallacious hope! 'tis thus we oft delude ourselves, and thinking to grasp at life, fall into the jaws of inevitable death.

Even so was it with the prisoner Tresham, for in that parcel was enfolded a deadly powder, and on the paper written as follows.

" *Swallow in your drink the enclosed, the*
" *shades of death will seem to overpower you,*
" *heed not the pangs, for all will terminate*
" *in Liberty, be bold, nor doubt the sacred*
" *Trinity,*"

Having so far wrought his direful purpose, O'Mara joined the officer, and in a few seconds, came the gaolor to set them

free. On passing the threshold, Moor turned his regard on Tresham, as the glance of exultation characterized his lowering visage, while the deluded prisoner yielding to fallacious hope, wafted a silent blessing to heaven, for the safety of him, he deemed his friend, if not preserver.

On quitting the jail, O'Mara thought it expedient to separate from the officer as speedily as possible, which he soon effected without any further suspicion having arisen in the breast of his conductor to prove the efficacy of his plan; the dawn of the ensuing day, gave to the public ear, an account of Tresham's demise, which was attributed to natural causes, from the weakly state of his health, whereas, had the eye of discernment gazed upon his livid cheek, and horrid mein, where the convulsive struggels of an unnatural death were depicted, the

truth had been at once proclaimed—"That Tresham died of poison, and that the baleful drug was delivered from the hand of his friend, *the Catholic Moor O'Mara.*

CHAP. VI.

How awful is this scene to guilty souls :
The judges' robes ; the solemn forms of law ;
The death-like silence ; and accuser's voice
Sealing the culprit's condemnation—All these
With scorpion stings must goad the grimed heart,
And make it feel an hundred fold the rigid lash
Of justice all retributive.

How guilt distorts the soother of the soul
Soft balmy sleep. In vain the culprit strives
In midnight slumbers to conceal the pang
That haunts his waking brain—Perhaps he speaks,
And with distorted look, and anguished groan
Gives to some list'ning ear his tale of guilt.

SATIATED with revenge and glorying in the security which had attended his daring

conduct in having faced the very individuals appointed to appprehend him, Moor O'Mara returned by twilight to the place of his secretion, where he found Mabel Donavan anxiously expecting his arrival. Maintaining the most rigid silence as to every event which had transpired, and the sanguinary motive which prompted him to dare the worst, O'Mara continued for many days the inhabitant of the priest's chambers, constantly attending the celebration of mass, and forming a thousand diabolical schemes, in order to wreak his vengeance on the persecutors of his friends.

The day at length arrived when the trial of the conspirators was to take place on which occasion, Moor fully confident of escaping detection, quitted his lurking place and attended at Westminster that he might note the arrival of his colleagues, who were brought by water from the tower

of London to Palace-yard, in order to undergo the sentence of the law in the hall at Westminster.

At the appointed time the traitors landed, and were then conducted to the star-chamber, where they continued awhile, previous to their summons into court.

As the delinquents passed the crowd, among which O'Mara had stationed himself, their gloomy countenances betrayed their guilt, which seemed however to affect them but little, as they appeared determined to meet that death with fortitude, which they well knew must shortly terminate their earthly career.

Being summoned before the judges, the eight delinquents dauntlessly ascended the scaffolding prepared, and took their stations at the awful bar, where having each undergone an impartial hearing, the

sentence of death was pronounced against them, when Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates were ordered for execution on the thirtieth of January, in Saint Paul's church-yard, there to be hanged and quartered, and on the ensuing day a similar fate was to attend Thomas Winter, Rookewood, Cayes, and Fawkes, in old Palace-yard, Westminster.

As the dread behest of law was thundered forth, a thousand conflicting passions wrung the soul of Moor O'Mara, no longer prizing liberty, or actuated by the impulse of revenge, he would fain have avowed himself and joined his associates in the plot, that he might share with them a glorious martyrdom ; fired with exultation he was on the point of exclaiming his name aloud, and craving that he might share the fate of his friends, when at that critical moment he felt his arm grasped with force, and on turning his head beheld

the form of Mabel Donavan, who with her infant in her arms stood beside him.

"What brought thee here woman?" demanded O'Mara, sternly.

"I come to warn thee of thy danger," replied Mabel, in a whisper, at the same time drawing O'Mara from the multitude that surrounded them.

Thus proceeded Moor and his partner in silence, until they gained an unfrequented spot, when Mabel thus addressed him.

"Vain have been all thy attempts to "conceal from me the secrets of thy "breast; I have circumvented all thy "caution, and have learned that thou art "one of the sworn conspirators, whose "doom you but so lately heard pro-"claimed; I know thee too for the de-

" stroyer of thy comrade Tresham. Nay,
" start not," resumed Mabel, in observing
the astonishment that was depicted on
his countenance, " and I have also learned
" the causes that urged thee to that act.
" Now mark me, Moor, the blood-hounds
" of justice pursue thee, and but for the
" timely friendship of the reverend priest,
" under whose roof we have so safely so-
" journed, myself and babe had fallen into
" the hands of thy inveterate foes. Hither
" therefore I came under the full assu-
" rance that my search would not prove
" futile, for well have I observed the firm-
" ness of thy soul, which to the last will
" cling to those to whom thy sacred oath
" was plighted. I applaud thy magnani-
" mity, and reverence the inflexible prin-
" ciples which bind thee to Mother
" Church ; propose what oath thou wilt
" I will be sworn, and either live or die
" with thee a branded traitor as the de-
" crees of fate shall order."

A silence of some moments ensued, and during that period a variety of jarring passions rent the breast of O'Mara, which were evidently pourtrayed on his countenance, when suddenly bending his dark eyes on the features of Mabel, he demanded to know the means whereby she had acquired the knowledge so recently communicated to him.

"Thy waking hours have proved thee
"wary as the lynx, and silent as the
"grave, not so has been O'Mara, the pe-
"riod of thy sleep—Thinkst thou that
"Mabel Donavan could remain unsatis-
"fied; can Moor have once conceived
"that I should silently endure suspence,
"nor fathom the deep recesses of thine
"heart; I thought thou hadst known me
"better. When o'er thy senses had
"stolen the soft counterfeit of death, then
"have I watched beside thee, thy dreams
"disturbed, have made me shudder, and

" thy broken ejaculations have an hun-
" dred times bespoke thee the friend of
" Guido Fawkes, and the sworn associate
" of those noble few, who boldly dared
" assay to plant the standard of true f ith
" in this our land. At such moments
" have I placed mine hand upon thy pal-
" pitating heart, I have demanded of thee
" questions, which thou hast unknown re-
" solved me. 'Tis thus I have obtained the
" mighty secrets that were so warily con-
" fined to thine own keeping—Blame me
" not O'Mara, for there exists not a spirit
" more congenial with thy own, or that
" would more gladly meet the doom which
" soon must waft your colleagues to the
" realms above."

O'Mara continued silent for a time, the dauntless conduct of his partner, filled him with admiration, he would fain have reprehended her conduct, but there was in her demeanour, a certain fixed mag-

nanimity, that even awed his resolute soul.

"Wherefore art thou mute," resumed Mabel with earnestness, "am I an un-
"worthy partner of thine affections?
"think'st thou I should blush in the sa-
"cred cause of everlasting truth? if so
"avaunt, leave thy babe and me, I have
"a soul would scorn to act the *traitors*
"part when *treachery* obtained the secret
"of thy bosom."

"Thou art a woman," exclaimed O' Mara, with an energetic voice, at the same time intimating by his demeanour a certain degree of doubt.

"And thou art a man," resumed Mabel, with a half sneer; "yet thy manhood
"forsooth could sleep when the drowsy
"fit was on thee; for shame O'Mara art
"thou not in my power? then why mis-

"trust the being that could; but will not
"harm thee."

There was such truth in this appeal, that soon the gloomy soul of Mara yielded obedience to its dictates, and hastily seizing the hand of Mabel, he replied.

"Thou partner of my bed; depository
"of my secrets and companion of my
"vicissitudes; yes; thou more than wo-
"man, I admit thee a worthy advocate of
"the cause I have espoused—death
"hangs over us—I fear not the blow and
"but for thine intervention, even now
"had I met the fate of those I priz'd be-
"yond existance. To act a desperate
"deed, requires a mind above the vulgar
"stamp: there is not one amongst us but
"can meet the grim terror of human kind.
"The soul of a conspirator should be
"prepared for every luckless chance; if
"fortune crowns him with success, cau-

"tion should check his exultation; if evil "fate betides, he knows the chances of "the game, and should await with forti-"tude, the hazard of the die. In me "alone exists not the prop of our great "cause, friends there are still to act as re-"solute as I, and of that number thou "Mabel mayst claim pre-eminence, there-"fore O'Mara takes thee to his heart, not "as a female, but a sworn adherent of the "sacred faith."

"By the Holy Trinity I swear," exclaimed Mabel, at the same time making the sign of the cross, and ejaculating a a short latin prayer to the Virgin Mary.

"What passed at the mansion of Sir "Roland Bertie?" demanded Moor O' Mara, "and wherefore did thy fears "thus urge thee to pursue me?"

"List, O'Mara," replied Donavan, "and

"I will resolve thy questionings," after which Mabel continued thus—

"Some time elapsed after thy depar-
"ture this morning, when suddenly ap-
"peared the form of one well known to
"the priest, who hath so kindly fostered
"us; he came into the secret chapel with
"infinite precipitancy, terror was depicted
"on his brow, and his every motion be-
"trayed horror and dismay; on beholding
"him our friend the priest saluted him
"with the cordiality of an old friend, and
"after a few moments private converse
"which obviously related unto me, the
"father introduced him to my notice, by
"the name of Garnet the jesuit, a person
"he assured me well known to thee O'
"Mara: I consequently gave him wel-
"come, but my assiduities were little
"heeded, nor was there indeed room for
"ceremony, for in a few seconds a gene-
"ral alarm prevailed throughout the man-

" sion of the venerable Sir Roland Bertie,
" as the portals of his habitation were
" quickly surrounded by the guards of
" the king, who came in pursuit of the
" jesuit Garnet, and also suspected thee
" O'Mara as being concealed within the
" walls. The worthy owner of the hospi-
" table roof, with infinite danger and diffi-
" culty conveyed this information to the
" priest our friend, least there might be
" truth in the enquiry, with which he was
" wholly unacquainted, and that an escape
" might in that case be effected. Such
" O'Mara was the incitement for my
" hasty departure from our asylum, which
" I effected in company with Garnet
" through the secret avenue by which we
" gained the chapel, though on our arri-
" val without the walls I instantly sepe-
" rated from my fellow fugitive, at his
" most earnest request, Garnet having
" first bestowed on thee his ardent bless-
" ing which he bade me deliver, should

"fate ever again unite us; at the same
"time requesting me to say that your
"word had been verified, and that Tres-
"ham died opportunely, though from
"what *malady* he was wholly unac-
"quainted."

At the termination of Mabel's address a gloomy silence pervaded the soul of O'Mara, who regarded himself as a wanderer bereft of habitation, and as a creature on whom was set the mark of infamy; his life being forfeit to the laws: these ideas which rapidly succeeded each other in his mind led him into the most horrid train of reflections, in vain did his religious tenets obtrude themselves, he remembered with anguish that his friends would shortly suffer on the scaffold, he recurred to his own forlorn state, and then demanded whether the holy cause he had espoused should doom its most ardent votaries to such a tragical destiny. As

these reflections occurred; heavy sighs escaped O'Mara's breast, and as Mabel observed the struggles of his bosom he groaned involuntarily.

"There is no hope, both home, safety, "and revenge are lost to me for ever."

"Am I to accuse thee of irresolution," demanded Mabel, with earnestness, "what "are the conflicting elements, the adverse "chances of fortune, and the annihilation "of worlds when the mind has attained "that glorious state of equanimity which "prompts it to contemn the last great "shock which we experience on this side "of futurity? The unerring shaft of death! "Suppose thou art a wanderer and an out-"cast, bereft of home and comfort: what "is the worst that can befall? Nothing "but death: and can the law inflict more "tortures on *thy* mortal frame than was "experienced by the immaculate saviour

" of mankind ?—Shame, shame, O'Mara,
" be thyself ; either live and die a catho-
" lic or else be nothing."

This nervous appeal to the religious tenets of Moor aroused him from the lethargic spell which silent despair had implanted for a period in his dark bosom. —He turned his regard upon the being who had so recently addressed him, he gazed upon her with a look wherein the struggles of exultation were delineated, having dispelled the gloomy frowns so congenial to his soul—O'Mara seized the hand of Mabel, he pressed it with a fervency to which she had long been estranged and urged by the dictates of justice he exclaimed ;—

" Paragon of thy sex, and staunch up-
" holder of the faith, for once I will con-
" fess thou hast instructed Moor O'Mara,
" who owns himself the pupil of woman-

" kind—lead on ; thy counsel shall teach
" me as thy words have roused my slug-
" gard mind from the dark chaos of des-
" paration and the grave."

Having pronounced these words, the fugitive pair proceeded for a time wholly unconscious of the track they were pursuing, while the dark canopy of wintry clouds scarf'd from their eyes the lingering gleam of eve that faded in the eastern expanse.

" Whither go we," at length demanded O'Mara " and under what lowly roof or shed shall we find shelter from the inclemency of this wintry night, that seems to keep pace with the cogitations of my breast.

" Fate is our guide," replied Mabel, and
" I with cheerfulness, submit to every
" seeming ill, no longer does dissatisfaction

" mantle o'er my *soul*, thou hast elected
" me a member of the glorious cause, and
" from that moment I have sworn to look
" disdainfully on every threatning peril
" that awaits us."

For a considerable period O'Mara and his partner continued, on their route having for some time quitted the precincts of London; the evening which had been gloomy, terminated in a night dark as Erebus, the sullen winds moaned hideously, and the pelting rain soon drenched the habillaments of Mabel and her protector, while the infant in her arms nipped by the piercing blast gave to the pityless storm, its peevish cries, which the mother vainly strove to lull, by clasping the little one closer to her palpitating bosom.

A glimmering light at length attracted the eyes of the fugitives, who wearied

with their march quickened their pace in order to intreat a shelter till the morning, when some fresh plan of operations might be agreed upon—For some time the light continued in view, when suddenly it disappeared and all was again envelloped in darkness.

"Curse on our wayward fate!" exclaimed O'Mara in a sullen tone of voice.

"Mark how fallacious is thy execra-
"tion," resumed Mabel, who at the same instant caught a second glimpse of the welcome light.

Moor remained silent while they continued to proceed with hasty strides, and at length arrived at a miserable hovel, through the lattice of which glimmered the sickly taper which had arrested their regard.

On gaining the portal, O'Mara knocked for admittance, but all was silent; he repeated the blow, calling aloud to the inmates of the wretched habitation, when a bolt was slowly withdrawn, and the door opened cautiously by an elderly male figure, who raising the light, regarded the persons of Moor and his fellow wanderer, with a mysterious scrutiny at the same time that he enquired their business at that unseasonable hour.

"We are benighted," answered Donavan, "and will reward your hospitality if "you will grant us a shelter from the in-"clemency of this pitiless night."

The stranger made no reply, but opening the portal wide, which he had previously kept almost closed to; he motioned the petitioners to enter, with a grin of malignancy depicted on his visage, which escaped the observation of the fugitives.

who were only occupied with the thoughts of having found at length some sanctuary that might shield them until morning.

On advancing into the chamber the dying embers of a wood fire appeared upon the hearth, on one side of which was seated an old and horrid looking female, and on the opposite side a second male form, somewhat stricken in years, though not so aged as the man who had given admittance to the guilty Moor and Donavan.

Having seated themselves in silence on a bench, the dame began to move the dying embers with a crutch that laid beside her, while the man who had opened the door collected the few pieces of wood which were scattered near the hearth, and cast them upon the fire, after which he also seated himself, and a silence of some minutes ensued.

Mabel, after this pause, first entered into conversation by thus addressing her hosts.

"We are greatly beholden to your hos-
"pitality, my worthy friends, and if we
"may but claim the protection of your
"roof this night our gratitude shall re-
"ward you."

"There is a pallet above, whereon ye
"may repose," answered one of the inhabitants of the hovel, at the same time bending his eyes on the features of O' Mara with an expression that produced the most unaccountable thrill through his whole frame, while it seemed as if the power of the basilisk was attached to them, as Moor found it impossible to withdraw from the features of the stranger is own regard.

The wary Mabel Donavan soon noticed the scrutinizing look of the stranger, and

glancing her eyes on the other male figure, she beheld him also occupied in contemplating O'Mara's physiognomy, with a countenance if possible, expressive of more horror than was depicted on that of the other male inhabitant of the hovel.

A degree of fear to which her soul had ever been estranged, suddenly prevaded the breast of Donavan, when a few moments consideration prompted her to summon her wonted resolution, and she turned her eyes towards the forbidding female, when what was her astonishment on beholding the dame supporting her long chin upon the handle of her crutch, and employed in eyeing her visage with the same degree of scrutiny and horrible aspect which marked the features of the two males, who had rivetted the regard of the guilty O'Mara, by a charm apparently supernatural.

Mabel felt her blood run cold ; a tremor struck through every vein, and the purple tide of life seemed rushing back to her heart, which was frozen by the icy grasp of terror and dismay.

While these conflicting sensations agitated the breast of Donavan, Moor O' Mara strove to conquer the pusillanimous dread which had enchained him, and having summoned a degree of resolution he at length broke the silence by proposing the following question in a peremptory tone of voice.

" Are we your welcome guests this " night ?"

" Ye are so," replied one of the male figures.

" Then wherefore this apparent gloom, " my friends," resumed O'Mara.

"Could'st *thou* be gay ?" replied the stranger form, fixing a look of the most penetrating enquiry on the physiognomy of O'Mara.

This interrogatory struck deep into the breast of the conspirator, who felt, however unwillingly ; the goading sting of compunction and guilt.

He endeavoured, but could not summons sufficient resolusion to hazard a reply, when Mabel Donavan alarmed at the late enquiry forgot for a period her own terror in endeavouring to relieve the feelings of her protector, and she in consequence exclaimed.

"Who could be chearful in such a "night as this ? as for myself, my mind "is harassed and my body worn with "fatigue, my babe too, is a painful bur-"then to its afflicted mother ; would we

"were at rest."—Then turning to the mysterious occupants of the wretched hovel, Donavan continued thus:

"If as you have said we are no in-
"truders on your hospitality, may it so
"please ye, friends, that we retire in
"order to taste the sweets of sleep until
"to morrow's dawning."

"Sleep is the companion of those that
"can enjoy it:" exclaimed the ugly old dame, in accents dissonant and shrill, "May ye sleep sound upon the tattered
"rug, which must also serve ye to night
"for a covering."

As these words were delivered, the black and sunken eyes of the female were bent downwards upon the fuel which emitted a gleam of light just sufficient to betray a malicious smile that played upon her lank and shrivelled countenance,

while her boney hand grasping the crutch drew with it mysterious figures on the powdered ashes that surrounded the flame.

The individual who had given admittance to Moor O'Mara and his partner, then arose from his seat, and taking up the taper, advanced to a door at the further end of the chamber, whither he beckoned the fugitives to follow him, who willingly obeyed the summons, anxious to be freed from the scrutiny and unaccountable demeanour of their hosts.

Having bade good night to the aged woman, and the male who continued in the chamber below, O'Mara and Donavan having received from them no reply, followed in silence the steps of their conductor, who slowly ascended a flight of wooden stairs, partly mouldering with age, and at the summit threw open a

crazy portal, that creaking on its hinges displayed to the conspirator and Mabel, the chamber which was destined to shield them from all the horrors of a most tempestuous night.

"This is your place of repose," said the old man, committing the taper to the table, "and this the only rug we "have to cover you—'tis seldom any "creature strays this way to ask such "fare."

"We should be ungrateful not to thank "you for the best you can bestow," replied Donavan.

"True," answered the host, with a peculiar emphasis, "for no one knows the "worst till it arrives."

On concluding this remark the stranger descended the stairs, while O'Mara, ad-

vancing in silence to the door, closed the same, and then secured it by pushing to a wooden bolt, which from its size, seemed well adapted to act as a barrier against all attempts from any unwelcome intruders.

CHAP. VII.

Doubt hangs on thy guilty soul;
Thou knowest not whom to trust:—Accurs'd state
To start appal'd at every passing breeze?
And shrink from thine own shadow:

What should they be? Each action bears the stamp
Of cold reserve and cautious mystery,
O! wert not for the horrors of this night—
'Neath some lone pent house would I stretch my form
Nor seek such luke warm hospitality.

How now?
Ye black and midnight hags what is't you do?
A deed without a name.

No! 'twas no coinage of the wandering brain;
No conjured phantasy to scare dull sleep
And prove the whole but airy nothingness.
These eyes beheld it, while my sick'ning soul
Scarce dar'd believe the sense that cried aloud!
'Tis even so."

It is unaccountable how the most noble mind may be warped from those divine

principles which nature had implanted in the human breast, and all this arising only from the prejudice of education or the warm adherence to a cause which although chaste in its origin, may have been rendered diabolical from the villiany or enthusiasm of its practitioners.

The mind of Mabel Donavan was not to be diverted from any principles which it had imbibed, she possessed a vigorous understanding and a perspicuity of judgement which seldom accompanies a woman through life. Her persuasion was the catholic faith, to which she had ever adhered previous to her knowledge of Moor O'Mara, with a firmness, yet at the same time a mode of action totally divested of superstitious bigotry; but from the moment when she yielded herself the slave of his caprices, the whole tenor of her conduct assumed a change, the mildness of the true christian was converted into

rigour against every sect whose tenets were in opposition to her own, and that equanimity of soul which would have rendered her the paragon of her sex under proper tuition, became a species of ferocious stoicism under the dominion of her protector.

These violent operations of the mind settled at length in a sullen, yet determined gloom, as the conspiring O'Mara warmed with the machinations of his hellish crew led him to forget the partner of his bed and the offspring of his loins ; but when Donavan had solved the mystery, when she became acquainted with the direful cogitations of O'Mara's brain, and was the depository of his abhorred secret ; 'twas then her soul thirsted to develope to her protector the fallacy of his caution and the keenness of her judgement ; 'twas on this account she seized the moment of misfortune to breathe the truth into his ear,

under the full conviction that if she ever was to rank with him in mind, no period was so fitted to her purpose as that when despondency vaulted o'er the soul of him she sought to emulate.—

Her point was gained, she triumphed in her victory and from that instant every noble attribute in nature became subservient to her darling purpose; equanimity was transformed into daring contumacy; catholicism into rancour; bigotry, superstition, and acuteness of judgement, into art, cunning, and duplicity; in short vengeance was her aim and the annihilation of the universe would not in her mind have compensated for the lives of those daring few who were so shortly to end their career of villainy upon a public scaffold, while their characters would be branded to future generations with the opprobrious stigma of ignominy and disgrace.

O'Mara after securing the door of the miserable apartment, turned round in silence and with folded arms paced to and fro, while Donavan still agitated with the feelings of a mother was busily employed in committing her young one to the rug, in order that its infant frame might experience that renovation from repose, which it seemed more than probable would be denied to its anxious parent. But however it did not prove the case, for a heavy stupor imperceptibly took possession of every faculty, till unable to resist the potent spell, Donavan dropped on the rug overcome by that welcome soother of the troubled spirit, which buries for a time all sublunary anguish in the bosom of forgetfulness.

Unmindful of what had transpired, Moor O'Mara continued immured in thought, till the train of his ideas suddenly led him to think of his partner, when

aroused as from a trance, he made a halt near the person of Donavan whose name he twice repeated without receiving any reply; fully convinced that the powerful spell of sleep had enchained her soul, O' Mara raised the light and proceeded to observe with a scrutinizing regard the interior of the chamber, for notwithstanding every endeavour on his part to dispel pale fear, yet nevertheless a terror took possession of his mind whensoever he recurred to the mysterious behaviour of the inhabitants of the hovel.

After a minute search no other opening into the room was perceptible to the keen eyes of the conspirator save that which he had previously secured.—The chamber was large and the dim light insufficient to illumine the space; the beams were obscured by dust, and spider's webs hung on every side, which had apparently been long neglected by their wily occupants.

As Moor contemplated this unpleasing scene, the howling of the wind and pattering rain caught his attentive ear, and he experienced a momentary gratification at being screened from its effects, but the thought was transient, for thrilling horror was then the sole inmate of his breast, nor was mortal power sufficient to drive away the unwelcome guest.

As O'Mara continued thus combating his fears, a deep and lengthened moan suddenly swelled upon the night breeze.

The traitor started at the sound ; dismay shot from his glaring eye-balls, and his dark locks stood erect upon his livid front.

He listened attentively, but all was silent save the pelting of the pitiless storm.

" 'Twas nothing," muttered O'Mara, internally, " yet were it a reality what are " groans to me ? I fear them not, for in " them there is naught to palsy the intre- " pid spirit of a catholic."

Scarcely was this internal ejaculation pronounced, when the same heavy moan was repeated, upon which turning his eyes towards the spot from whence it issued, he beheld the form of Mabel Donavan half raised from the rug: her eyes were open and fixed wildly upon one spot, at the same time horror and anxiety were legibly imprinted on her physiognomy, and her whole conduct betrayed the strugglings of an overcharged conscience.

Struck with the sight O'Mara approached the person of Donavan, but she appeared wholly unconscious of the action, when by the assistance of the light which he held before her visage, he imme-

diately discerned that she was under the impulse of sleep, and that some extraordinary dream was then working on her fancy so as to produce this powerful effect on her entranced mind.

Astonished at the appearance of Mabel, and desirous of observing how this scene would terminate, Moor remained immovable with enquiring eyes bent on her countenance when the following sounds struck his ear, while the forefinger of the speaker was emphatically raised to her lip.

" Hush ! hush ! we are secure ; for
" blessed is the sign of the cross : are we
" not catholics, Moor, ? and am not I a
" conspirator ?

" Tush ; tush man ; what's there to
" fear ? There are no list'ners but the

" wind.——I tell thee all is well ; aye
" very well !"

A horrid smile for a few seconds played on the countenance of Donavan, during which she remained silent : when instantaneously her features assumed an indiscribable expression of horror, which became even more terrific as she groaned forth the following words :

" Say not so ; art thou Tresham ? why
" are thy sunken eyes bent on me ? call
" blood into thy livid cheeks, or turn thy
" deadly visage from my sight ; I have
" nought to do with thee ; therefore
" trouble not thus my soul !—Hide me
" Moor, hug me to thy breast ; let him
" not blast me thus, with grizzly hor-
" ror."—

Having made this exclamation, Mabel hid her face with her hands ; but if fear

usurped dominion o'er her breast, an impulse no less terrific took possession of O'Mara's brain, as the name of his victim caught his attention.

He would fain have interrupted her ejaculations by awakening her from the powerful spell that bound her, but found the endeavour impracticable, and thus remained the tortured victim of his own blood-tinctured imagination.

On a sudden the entranced Donavan withdrawing her hands from her visage, thus continued.

"Hark! it beats; the solemn bell pro-
"claims the hour of death, can it be? and
"must they die? What all? What
"every soul of them be numbered with
"dust long since forgotten? Are such
"the rewards of magnanimous spirits?
"—Vengeance heaven! blast that death-

"dealing fiend; that heretical dog, whose "sacrilegious hands are to sever the "strings of life, and give to earth those "martyrs to the true and everlasting "faith!——Where, where art thou Moor "O'Mara? Where is thy poignard, thy "bowl, and exterminating fire? Come; "come; send to their native flames the "sons of eternal perdition.——Ha! mark "where the first victim comes—The "bloody executioner twines round his "devoted neck the hellish cord.——Jesu "mercy! he is launched off—he dies!— "he dies!!!"

As Donavan pronounced the conclusive words a faint shriek escaped her lips; she wrung her hands in anguish, and dropping on the rug, a silence ensued, and all her horrors seemed once more to subside in the bosom of peaceful sleep.

Absorbed in meditation O'Mara re-

mained for a time immovable; while the vision of Mabel wholly engrossed his brain, as he thus internally exclaimed.

"Even in her sleep is she with us; her "spirit breathes conspiracy, and her "whole soul is wrapped in the faith that "points to eternal bliss. Curse on the "frigid dictates of established forms, "which deny to woman an alliance with "man in matters of importance; what "might not the daring soul of this crea-"ture have effected had she been sworn "with me a partaker in the conspiracy? "What might not have proved the effect "of her inventive faculties in the hour of "peril? Even Donavan perhaps might "have saved my comrades, and put into "effect the glorious scheme which now is "crushed, while those I reverence await "in silent gloom the hour of anguish, "death, and public execration."

Once more O'Mara paced the lonely chamber, when worn with mental anguish he felt at length the heavy stupor of sleep steal o'er his senses, and throwing himself beside the form of Donavan, sought for a time to taste the comforts of salutary rest. But how can peaceful slumber await the pillow of guilt, while heaven all-seeing reads o'er the blotted page; justice with eagle eye penetrates the dark abyss, rouses to action the sluggard thought, and to the villain paints anew the horrid crimes that have debased his manhood with the opprobrium of vice, and on his soul impressed the bloody signet of murder, treason, and revenge.

Scarcely had death's counterfeit sealed up O'Mara's waking thoughts, than horrid visions occupied his restless mind. Sometimes the officers of justice appeared to tear him from his wretched pallet, he groaned and half awakened found it but

a vision, then turned his anguished form in hopes of banishing the dreadful fiction from his burning brain.

The reverberating sound of the bell had long proclaimed the eleventh hour, and murderous midnight with its ghostly band approached in horrid majesty; from afar the awful thunder rolled, while the pale lightning gave additional solemnity to the scene. A storm it was portending something ominous, for never had wintry clouds before displayed a tempest more terrific.

At this solemn period a dream of terror paralized the soul of Moor O'Mara. He conceived himself, in his vision, the very inhabitant of the chamber where he then reposed, surrounded with every appearance of gloom and desolation, the ray from the taper seemed to emit a bluish light, and the howlings of the blast were still fresh

to his wandering imagination. On a sudden appeared to glide forward from the sombre distance, three human forms, which on approaching the light seemed to be the hostess and the two male inhabitants of the hovel. Having gained the foot of the rug, the ugly dame placed herself between her two companions and elevating her crutch extended it over the form of Moor O'Mara, while her male associates stretched forth their right arms in a circular position, and having uttered some inexplicable words, they then made a retrogade motion and joining hands seemed to pace three times in the form of a circle. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the ugly dame, in a shrill tone of voice, exclaimed,—

"Attend me *Illewauzer*, *Gridgegutt*, *

* If any apology be deemed necessary for the introduction of witches and wizards, in a publication of this na-

" and *Pyewackett*, come to your mistress
" *Sack* and *Weazle*, and last of all obey me
" *Vinegar Tom* for much have I to do
" with thee."

ture, the author begs to acquaint his readers, that the period of king James the first, was particularly favourable to supernatural agency of that description, and so much was that monarch led to countenance the opinion that he was himself the author of a work entitled *Dæmonology;* which went to validate the existence of Necromancy &c.—It is also said that the tragedy of Macbeth, wherein the witches act so prominent a part, was written by Shakespeare, in order to please his Sovereign. But there are documents, even more convincing if we refer to the reign of Charles the first, when it appears that one Matthew Hopkins, John Stern, and a woman, in company with them absolutely perambulated from town to town, through many parts of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire, to discover witches, and it appears that no less than sixty reputed witches were hanged in the space of one year, within the county of Essex alone. " This Matthew Hopkins, who was stiled " *witch finder general*, pretended to be a great critic, in " *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, " or warts, which frequently grow large and pendulous " in old age; but were absurdly supposed to be teats " to suckle imps."

Scarcely had these words escaped the lips of the hag, when to the wandering senses of O'Mara appeared three halfstarved cats of large dimensions, their colours being tabby, white and grey, fourth came a lank and boney grey hound, fifth ran howling forth a shepherd's grizzley cur, and last a huge tom cat, black as the raven's coat, while from his starting eyes appeared to issue forth a flame of blood-red hue. Having

"His ultimate method of proof, was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, "about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of "which were held on the banks of a river by two men, "in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming upon this proof, was deemed a full proof of guilt, "for which king James, *who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it*, assigned a ridiculous reason; that such persons had renounced their baptism "by water, so the water refuses to receive them, the experiment of swimming, was at length tried upon Hopkins himself in his own way, and he was upon the "event, condemned, and as it seems executed as a "wizzard."

Vide Caulfields memoirs of remarkable people. Vol. 1. *P.* 1. *&c.*

assembled these her ministers of darkness, the beldam thus addressed them.

"Much I applaud your promptitude, "my chosen imps, and now to learn your "several feats have I thus summoned ye, "for blood must soon be spilled as doth "denote the croaking raven from the leaf-"less branch of yonder blasted oak. First "*Illewauzer* speak, for time doth gallop "hard, and guilt ere one o'the clock "should know its final doom."

At the last words of the hag, the entranced Moor groaned involuntarily, and changing his position on the rug, seemed anxious to dispel the extraordinary vision from his guilty fancy.

The tabby cat then mewing spoke as follows in obedience to his dread mistress' command.

" I with mine hindmost claws did, in its
" craddle, scratch an infant three months
" old, and sucked its precious blood."

" And I," said milk white *Gridgegutt*,
" did kill my lady's favourite bird, and ass he
" screamed for help, bore from her sight
" the darling prize, and on the pent house
" crunshed its dainty bones, preserving
" but its bloody heart to answer to my
" mistress in calculation."

" I," said grey *Grimalkin*, " caught a
" red robin and a milk-white mouse, and
" of their hearts and eyes a pasty made to
" fill the hollow tooth of howling Cer-
" berus."

" Fourth to the beldame *Sack* thus
spoke.

" From Ralph the farmer I three ducklings
" stole and having plucked them in his

" barn, there left the feathers as a compen-
" sation; then having stole a pining maiden's
" golden pin, presented by her sailor
" six months gone, (now far at sea), their
" tongues and livers I thereon did spit,
" and baked them to a coal in belching
" Etna's flame."

Weazle, with lengthened howl, then told as follows——

" Three sheep I maimed and left them
" all to die and rot, meet food for ravens,
" then from its mother stole a bleating
" lamb, and having gorged my fill squeezed
" from its heart enough of blood to
" moisten mother Hecat's lips, who
" thanked me for my work and swore to
" be propitious."

Last and ugliest of the band spoke hellish *Vinegar Tom.*

" I from a sleeping gallant, hair by hair,
" his love-lock plucked, and into ashes
" burned the precious curl; then having
" learnt that a Jew Rabbi was in's grave,
" I hied me to his festering carcase, and
" from his right hand with my fangs I
" tore his index finger, left it awhile to
" to soak in infant's fat, then sped me to
" the dead man whom ye seek, and burned
" like taper 'neath his nose the jewish
"relic, which makes the charm complete."

" Thanks to all," exclaimed the hag aloud, " 'tis done, he comes, he comes,
" fly to your posts, anon, I'll meet you
" there."

With a loud yell the animals straight disappeared, and soon from the senses of the sleeping Moor O'Mara seemed to vanish the old beldame and her two compapanions; when in their place appeared to rise from earth a bluish vapour, and as it

expanded to the view the night winds and the thunder in conjunction roared, while forked lightning darted through the lattice of the spacious chamber. At length the misty vapour broke, when before the enhorrored senses of O'Mara rose to stand the ghastly spectre of the murdered Tresham: struck with the blasting vision, the mind of Moor struggled against the soporiferous spell that weighed upon his eyelids, and he at length awoke to hear the most tremendous peal of thunder that ever burst from the bosom of the conflicting elements; the crazy hovel shook to its foundation, vivid lightning flashed through the chamber in quick succession, while in reality stood at the foot of the rug the palid form which his dream had so recently pictured to his imagination. At this horrid apparition a cold and deadly sweat started from the front of the conspirator; he passed his hand over his eyes as yet unconscious whether he yet slept, or waking gazed

upon the object before him. It was however a reality, and O'Mara's blood curdled through every vein.

With a threatening aspect the form remained for a time immovable, gazing on the panic-struck visage of the murderer, while Moor, a prey to guilt and terror, strove in vain to reanimate his frozen heart. The spectre at length raising its livid hand, pointed to the door of the apartment, at the same time inviting O'Mara to follow. For a few seconds Moor continued irresolute, when a sudden impulse urged him to dare the worst—he started precipitately from the rug, and drawing a poignard which he kept concealed beneath his doublet, held its glittering blade directed towards the door, at the same time displaying by an inclination of the head, his willingness to follow the steps of his ghastly conductor.

Apparently satisfied with the acquiescence of O'Mara, the spectre with slow and measured step advanced to the door of the chamber, which flew open at its approach without human assistance. As the conspirator followed he acquired a greater degree of fortitude, and steadily descended the mouldering stairs, while a faint ray of light that preceded the form of Tresham, served to conduct them on their way.

Having traversed the lower room which he had first entered on applying for admittance at the hovel, and where no human creature then appeared; the vision straight proceeded to the lower portal which gave way as it advanced, and in a few moments O'Mara following his guide, found himself without the building upon the dreary waste, which was at intervals illumined by the forked lightning, while pealing thunder contributed to heighten the horrors of the scene.

Still the same lambent flame served as an escort to the spectre, who would sometimes pause a second, and turn its pale and meagre countenance upon O'Mara, while the conspirator with ghastly visage and enquiring eyes perused the figure of the supernatural being before him.

For a considerable period they continued thus their march, when suddenly the form of Tresham made a halt, and at the same instant a boisterous wind came rushing from the north with hideous roar, the conflict of the elements became more tremendous, and the wide expanse of dark was illumined by successive flashes of sulphureous lightning.

"O'Mara, be bold," exclaimed the spectre, in a sepulchral tone of voice, raising its right hand at the same time, and pointing in a direction contrary to

that whereto the regard of Moor was directed,

The conspirator obeyed the mandate, but on the instant started back, for to his eyes appeared a gibbet whereon was affixed a skeleton whose fleshless bones that rattled in the northern blast were only kept together by encircling hoops of creaking iron. As O'Mara stood aghast at the sight, convulsive peals of laughter rent the air, the form of Tresham vanished into nothingness, and as the terrific whirlwind rushed again towards the north, he saw the figure of the hag and her two male companions who had welcomed him to the hovel, riding in the furious blast, exclaiming as they vanished from his view,

Though fortune proves awhile your friend,
A gibbet's still the murderer's end.

CHAP. VIII.

Bring forth the culprits, let them view the rack;
For now their doom is fix'd beyond recall.
They come, and still obdurate, brave the worst,
By error hood wink'd, and by priestcraft led
To sell the bless'd eternity they look'd for.

Blame not the man; the law must be obeyed
To take each forfeit, life's the hangman's trade,
To him appears as naught the direful scene,
He looks unmov'd upon each ghastly mein,
With arms uncovered now the culprit racks,
Or ties the noose, or wields the glittering axe,
Quarters his fellow man; and stain'd with gore
Holds forth that head which once a traitor bore,
Then unconcerned sleeps soundly on his bed,
By practice hardened—and by justice led.

There is no villain but would fain befriend,
His fellow villain, when he meets his end.

Some time after the departure of Moor O'Mara from the hovel, Mabel Donavan

awoke from the sleep, which had for some time insteeped her senses in the bosom of forgetfulness; for a period her regard was fixed upon the form of her slumbering infant, Reginald, after which turning to observe the person of Moor, what was her dismay on finding that he was no longer an occupant of the wretched pallet, Mabel immediately quitted the rug, and trimming the light; with infinite preturbation, began to search the chamber but without success, when fully determined to explore every part of the habitation, she passed the door way, and descending the stairs, examined with infinite caution, the lower apartment, when the entrance to a third room arrested her regard, which she proceeded to explore with equal scrutiny; but all in vain: her anxious labour was unrequited, and she remained for a few moments, fixed in speechless terror; during this conflict of her mind, a horrid recollection suddenly

darted on her fancy, for she recurred to the forms of the three individuals who had presented themselves as inmates of the mansion, neither of whom were then to be found, in addition to which, Mabel had examined every chamber contained within the walls of the dwelling, which presented nothing but desolation, being void of furniture, and totally untenanted.

"They have betrayed him," internally thought Mabel, "yes they have, they are acquainted with his person, and have doubtless delivered him into the hands of justice: yet wherefore should they have abandoned me to destiny, who am in a certain degree implicated and subject to the fate that shall await him?"

This agitation bewildered the brain of Mabel, who instantly forming her plan, determined to secure her infant, and then rush forward in pursuit of the man,

whom she regarded with reverence, as the father of her offspring, and her protector, through all the wayward source of existence.

As the horrid prognostic escaped the lips of the supernatural agents, who were born from the presence of Moor O'Mara, he shuddered with guilt, and falling with his visage on the drenched turf remained for a time immersed in thoughts, that annihilated from his remembrance, every event which had so recently occurred. In this state of mental torpitude, the conspirator continued a while, till the piercing cold of night, gradually restored him to reason, and at the same time awakened him to a sense of his situation, when rising from the earth, he bent his enquiring eyes around upon the ebon darkness of night, when he at length descried a faint speck of light, which at that moment, glimmered from the

from the window of the hovel, where Mabel was then anxiously occupied in searching for O'Mara through the lower chamber of the miserable dwelling: guided by this welcome beacon, the conspirator with a heavy heart, retraced his way along the dreary waste, while his dark locks were agitated by the passing wind of early morning.

With some difficulty O'Mara arrived at the habitation at the precise juncture when Donavan was preparing to sally forth in quest of her protector. Having beat violently against the door, Mabel with a palpitating heart obeyed the summons, instantaneously the bolts flew back at her anxious touch, when Moor O'Mara stood before her with countenance of ashy hue, and look that indicated a mind but ill at ease with itself.

After surveying the person of O'Mara

with a scrutiny not divested of fear, Mabel thus spoke.—

"Where hast thou been, O'Mara, and "whither are gone the late inhabitants of "this lonely pile."

To this interrogatory the conspirator was mute, being immersed in deep thought scarcely knowing how to appreciate the validity of those occurrences which had so recently passed before his eyes in horrible succession.

Donavan who could but ill brook suspense, yielded more strongly to the impulse of curiosity, and renewed her request with redoubled energy, when Moor in some measure awakened from his reverie, caught the hand of Mabel, and in the most impressive manner replied—

"Accursed be this night, my soul has

" been a prey to the most terrific visions
" and I have wandered in the black winds
" conducted by the spirits of hell. In-
" auspicious was the moment wherein we
" sought the shelter of this lonely spot,
" and damned were the seeming earthly
" mortals that gave us the cold reception
" wherewith we were greeted.—But come
Mabel," continued O'Mara, after a pause
of a few moments, " come let us instantly
" from this roof, better were it to meet the
" jarring of the tempestuous elements, than
" have a second time to endure the pangs
" that have rived my soul and given me a
" prey to horrors such as assail the spirits
" of perdition."

After pronouncing this command in the most impressive tone, Donavan (whose dreams had by no means rendered the hours of sleep gratifying to her soul) instantly prepared to obey the mandate, by taking her child to her arms, after which

they quitted the hovel as the first tinge of dawn beamed o'er the eastern horizon.

After proceeding onwards by the most circuitous and unfrequented pathway, the miserable fugitives at early morning arrived within the precincts of London, when O'Mara deemed it expedient to steer his course towards the vicinity of the gloomy tower of that city, which then contained the persons of the guilty conspirators.

During that day they resided in an obscure mansion, having purchased, previous to their entrance into the dwelling, sufficient sustenance to serve them till return of night, and without quitting the house, they remained unobserved by all save the landlord of the habitation. In the course of the evening Moor O'Mara and his female partner mutually interchanged the tenor of their dreams of the preceding night, nor did the former refrain from

making known the appearance of the murdered Tresham, concealing however the concluding prognostic which had escaped the lips of the three mysterious beings who had vanished from his sight when upon the desert heath. The visions of Donavan, which had arrested the attention of Moor, were in some measure similar to those of the conspirator, being wholly connected with the appearance of Tresham's ghastly spectre, which had apparently stood before her, as well as the approaching execution of the eight conspirators who had so recently suffered the condemnation of justice.

From the vicinity of the town as soon as day was closed in, Moor proceeded to a small alley leading to the Borough of Southwark, where he remained concealed till the return of dawn; and thus did he continue varying his place of habitation, for the greater security, until the Thurs-

day after the condemnation of his friends, that being the day appointed for the execution of the first four of his colleagues, according to the sentence of the supreme court of judicature.

The ever memorable morning of the thirteenth of January dawned forth in the garb of wintry gloom, being an epoch as memorable to the liege subjects of the realm of England, as that which had brought to light the infernal treason which was to have involved in its destructive explosion not only the lives of their sovereign, lords, and commons, but also threatened the total annihilation of the established faith of the kingdom, for it was the morning which broke forth to witness the extirpation of four hardened conspirators, who lamented only the failure of their direful project, and unawed by any fear of death that awaited the disclosure of their sanguinary proceedings,

had invariably followed a line of conduct which branded them more with the title of deamons than of men.

How stange is it that magnanimity which ranks as a glorious virtue, should have been produced from a cause which has no innate principle of good for its leading motives of action. The conspirators were enthusiastic religionists strongly bigotted to the tenets they professed, and upholding with their last expiring sigh the cause which had engaged them. No apprehensions of death, no paraphernalia of execution tainted their souls with fear at their approaching doom, or led them to deviate from the fixed maintainance of those solemn oaths, whereby they had mutually bound themselves.

The scaffold having been purposely erected near the Cathedral of St. Pauls, for the immolation of the four conspi-

rators, who were on that day appointed to die, a vast concourse of spectators were assembled from motives of the most unconquerable curiosity, being desirous of beholding the persons of individuals, who could aspire to plant the standard of religion, on the basis of murder, bloodshed, and treason.

Among the persons present attended Moor O'Mara, who was inflexibly bent in witnessing the sequel of the fate of those he prized; notwithstanding the reiterated and earnest solicitations of Mabel Donavan, who continued stationed at some distance from the scene of action, where it was agreed she should await the return of her protector.

Digby,* a man of a noble personage,

* As the account of the execution of the conspirators contained in the following pages, is a great curiosity,

commanding countenance, and possessing a dignified deportment, which bade defiance to the surrounding opprobrium, was

and absolutely matter of fact, the author of these volumes has deemed it incumbent on him, to make known the source from whence he derived this information.

On the evening of the very day, when the execution took place, or the following morning, was issued from the press, a short publication, written by an eye witness of the fact, which was most probably sold in a similar manner to our dying speeches, and which contained a minute detail of the behaviour of each delinquent, at the awful moment of death. From this publication, of which two copies are only known to be in existence, was drawn the following details, with such alteration in the stile and language, as the author deemed expedient in a publication of this nature. From the contents of this curious pamphlet, it appears that the conspirators were not suffered to hang for any length of time, but were literally cut down, soon after being launched off, when they were taken to the block, being still alive, in order to undergo the amputation, of their heads and limbs, according to their sentence, purporting that they should be quartered, and their limbs exposed in certain parts of London, which was accordingly executed.

the first who ascended the scaffolding, for execution. As he gazed around, some change in his countenance was apparent to a discriminating observer, which might have been construed into guilt, and a dread of death, for his colour faded and the lustre of his manly eye relaxed. But when he spake, his manner belied the accusation of fear, his tone was commanding, and although his speech was of a short duration, he nevertheless maintained the principles for which he was about to render up his life. With respect to his offence, which was the offspring of his bigotry: he did not for a moment conceive himself guilty, or in the smallest degree blameable; but for having violated the laws of the kingdom, he intreated forgiveness of his God, and our Sovereign Lord, the King, concluding his discourse with all the superstitious ceremonies of the religion he professed, holding to his lips the symbol

of our redeemer, and ejaculating the Latin prayers of his faith, and refusing converse, with any one unconnected with his own persuasion.

Having thus prepared himself for a future state, Digby with a firm step mounted the ladder, and by the hands of the executioner, was speedily launched into that eternity, for which (to ensure the ultimate salvation of his soul) he had leagued himself with conspiracy, and braved every corporeal suffering. After having hung awhile the body was cut down, and delivered over to those who were stationed at the block, where it was quickly quartered in compliance with the sentence of the law, which always ordains such laceration on the bodies of men, who have been attainted, and found guilty of the crime of high treason.

Winter with determined step and fear-

less mien, next advanced to the scene of death, he spake but little, and the few sentences he uttered were ill assorted to the heinous crime of which he had been guilty, as he neither craved mercy of that offended God, in whose cause he considered himself a martyr, or sought to obtain any forgiveness of his king and country.—After pronouncing to himself a few short latin prayers for the repose of his soul, this obdurate man was forthwith wafted into eternity, and afterwards quartered in the same manner as his colleague had been before him.

How differently does religious bigotry, when imbibed and supported by opposite minds, display itself. It is impossible to judge of Winter in a less liberal manner than of his associate Digby who displayed a degree of feeling and sensibility in allowing to a certain extent the guilt which tainted his soul; whereas Winter without

confession or thought of grace met his last moments with the most undaunted equanimity, because, bold in the cause he had espoused, he scorned any confession which his conscience disapproved, and died the staunch supporter of a faith he had most vehemently supported while living.

Already had the agonized O'Mara witnessed the last horrible wreathings of two of his sworn associates, when the ejaculations of mental anguish that agitated his soul had nearly betrayed him to the surrounding crowd, as the dictates of prudence were insufficent to restrain him from giving vent to expressions of commiseration for their sufferings, while half stiffled apostrophes were uttered breathing forth execrations against the persecutors of his friends. In vain did the horrors of the execution assail his sight, in vain was the anguish of his friends placed before him, an infatuation

beyond the power of control, instinctively rooted him to the fatal spot, and a gloom nearly approximating to insanity seemed to absorb every other faculty, while his glazed yet searching eyes again beheld the third conspirator, Graunt, ascend the scaffold.

This delinquent with a haughty air azed upon the concourse beneath him, and his mind more bigotted than those of his preceding friends, prompted him to speak in palliation of his crime, boldly affirming that his conscience wholly acquitted him on the score of his religion, and that the innocent blood he plotted to have shed would have reflected no stain upon his soul, as the tenets he professed and acted upon were his firm and sure support. Happy was it for the devoted victims of this conspiracy that they were not left at the mercy of such a being, and how could an whole nation sufficiently

venerate that providential interference, which by disclosing the horrid truth, must have rescued so many thousands of its children from the persecution of such a blood thirsty conscience. Such was however the man after O'Mara's soul, nor could he resist from displaying a transient grin of hellish satisfaction as these sentiments issued from the lips of his friend, who scorning to display the most distant appearance of fear, hastily repeated his latin prayers, and crossing himself, speedily met the death that awaited him.

Last of the four appeared the youthful Thomas Bates, who if the tear of commiseration was requisite on such an occasion, certainly claimed it from the surrounding multitude. No premeditated rancour had led this delinquent into the conspiracy, he had unfortunately been a listner, and thus unconsciously became the depository of a part of his master's

plots, and in this state was he discovered, when it was at length determined by the conspirators then assembled, that Bates should instantly be bound to secrecy by the most dreadful oaths, and become with them an actor in the general scene of devastation which it was intended should ensue.

Unfortunate youth, thy compunction could not avail thee, in vain was thy unfeigned repentance declared aloud, in vain didst thou implore forgiveness of the omnipotent, thy sovereign, and the realm; thy fervent love for thy master Catesby, which was by thee adduced as the sole cause of thy delinquency would not avail to rescue thy forfeit life ; no, the executioner performed his duty and numbered thee with those more guilty than thyself, though treason had tainted thy soul and led thee with them to forget thy God, thy king, and country.

As the language of contrition, flowed from the lips of Bates, whose conduct was diametrically opposite to that of the conspirator, who had suffered before him; the soul of O'Mara sick'ned within him; and he turned with disgust from the contemplation of the criminal, who had in his estimation disgraced the cause, whereto he was allied.—"Luke warm wretch,"—internally murmured the resolute Moor, "such are then the fruits of leaguing with "unfledged men, this is the disgrace en-"tailed upon daring spirits, who suffer "themselves to become the dupes of pue-"rile imbecibility—'twas I who voted in "opposition to his election—yes, 'twas "myself who proffered this hand as in-"strumental to his destruction, rather than "he should live to disgrace the secret "which he had obtained by stratagem.—"I was overuled, Catesby, his master; "saved him, and now he has lived to

"suffer unlike a catholic, unbecoming a "man!"

O'Mara turned disgusted from the object of his wrath, and with execrations in his heart soon found himself freed from the surrounding multitude.

O'Mara on quitting the place of execution, immediately joined his female partner who full of anxiety awaited his return, fearful least the event of his appearance among the throng should endanger his safety, and also conscious that his feelings on witnessing the scene would be wrought to such a pitch as might prompt him to betray his own secret. At his approach not even the gloom that mantled o'er the visage of O'Mara could dissipate a momentary ray of delight that darted on the soul of Mabel, for however inauspicious was the day that ushered in the fate of the conspirator's associates, nothing

could vie with the dark gloom that shrouded the soul of this almost desponding traitor, in whose bosom no sorrow softened by contrition found an asylum; on the contrary his cogitations were black revenge, and a meditation to effect it, which absorbed and took possession of every other wish, of every determination. 'Twas not the past alone which gave him anguish, the contemplation of the succeeding day agitated him to a degree of frenzy; four more were still to suffer, which horrible sight he was also determined to witness, and in this temperament of mind did he return to the hapless Mabel, who although possessed of a dauntless temper, was notwithstanding actuated by many of those sentiments which characterize the feminine mind.

Women are always prone to look up to man for solace and affection; in moments of danger they are frequently more nerved

to action, because the elasticity of their minds is sooner wound up, and consequently recedes with a greater degree of promptitude, and thus do they incline for support to that steadiness which they are from infancy taught to dread in man, and which should be equally exhibited and practiced towards the weaker sex, which stands the most in need of tenderness and consolation. But with O'Mara there was no returning comfort for Donavan; as the gloomy Moor neither gave communication or sought in conference any alleviation for internal suffering.

In this state of gloomy melancholy was the day passed, and as the first dawn of morning arose O'Mara quitted his bed and pacing the chamber with folded arms, awaited the period which should summons him forth to witness the execution of his four remaining comrades.

The fatal hour arrived which was soon proclaimed by the concourse of persons who flocked from every quarter of the city towards old palace yard, where the tragedy was to take effect. Moor O'Mara also joined the multitude actuated by far different ideas than those which prevailed throughout the tumultuous assemblage.

First on a sledge was drawn from the tower the person of the younger Winter, who having ascended the platform evinced some symptoms of regret for the crime he had intended, at the same time protesting aloud that he died a firm adherent to the catholic faith, as he spake the colour fled his cheeks which assumed a deadly whiteness; he crossed himself with uplifted eyes, and then occupied some minutes in fervent prayer, after which he was launched into eternity.

Ambrose Rookwood next appeared and

spake at length to the surrounding throng, he asked forgiveness of his God and of the king, craved mercy towards his wife, and then professed himself an advocate for the church of Rome; with manly firmness he then ascended the ladder, and after hanging till *nearly* dead, was cut down and yielded, on the quartering block, his last gasp on this side of the grave.

Next came forth with mien undaunted and the most resolute step, the desperate traitor Caies, who disdaining the concourse that surveyed his person, scarce uttered a word, or gave one indication of a repentant spirit, but glorying in his abhorred villainy, stoutly mounted the fatal ladder; where, not even awaiting the executioner's aid, he sprang from the step with so violent a leap, that the cord snapped s raight in twain, and his body fell to earth, from whence it was immediately removed and quartered on the blood stained board.

"Kindred spirit," internally thought "O'Mara, "take thy blessed flight and "share with angels eternal beatitude; "such should be the conduct of Moor the "catholic were he but now to follow thee "in death."

From this train of ideas O'Mara was aroused by the murmurings of the multitude, who anxious to behold the last conspirator, Guido Fawkes, that great incendiary, whose hand was to have fired the powder, could not restrain their impetuous curiosity, but in clamorous accents demanded that he should be brought forward. At this juncture the strong ties of fo me friendship took possession of O'Mara's soul, he groaned aloud in the bitterness of his heart, and felt for once an emotion of sympathizing pity. This sentiment which was paramount to every other consideration, instigated O'Mara's conduct, who anxious to observe as nearly as he

was enabled the person of his friend, and ardently desirous of being also recognized by him if possible; forcibly made his way through the crowd, and stationed himself as near the scaffold as the surrounding guards would admit.

Weak with the tortures which had been inflicted on his person, and pale and emaciated with sickness, appeared at length the conspirator Fawkes, who, unable to mount the scaffolding, was compelled to seek the hangman's aid, by whose assistance it was effected. Supporting his languid frame against the balustrade he remained for a time speechless, his eyes being closed and his ashy visage displaying every appearance of approaching death; sometime having elapsed, the eyes of the delinquent once more opened to behold the light of day, when raising his hand he articulated a few sentences in tones so

faint as to be unintelligible to the spectators.

During this scene, O'Mara's eyes never quitted for a moment, the physiognomy of his colleague; while his soul became a prey to anguish, unutterable. Guido Fawkes, then elevating a crucifix, pressed it to his lips, with apparent ardour; rivetting his regard, at the same time on the bright expanse above, the eyes of Moor, followed every motion of his friend and as if a sympathy attracted them to each other, as the former bent downwards his regard; it fixed full upon the countenance of O'Mara, who was instantly recognised by the traitor, then on the point of expiating his offence with his blood.

Almost paralized on beholding the form of his comrade, Guido Fawkes continued for a few seconds immovable, when sud-

denly recalling his scattered senses, he made the sign of the cross, then elevating his right hand, pointed up to Heaven—O'Mara understood the signal and replied by crossing himself which being perceived by Fawkes, he bowed his head, and turning towards the gibbet, was assisted by the executioner, who in a few seconds launched him into eternity. O'Mara groaned, as the ladder was withdrawn, and raising his hands, covered his visage, and thus continued for a time, unconscious of every thing that passed around him, Happily for Moor, every individual present, was occupied in contemplating the person of the criminal, then upon the scaffold, for had any eye been bent upon his actions, suspicion must have been created, and Moor O'Mara would then inevitably have shared the fate of him, whose death he so much commiserated.

The pressure of the surrounding throng at length awakened Moor, from his reverie, who with some difficulty, extricated himself from the populace, and was hastening back to join Mabel, when a male figure suddenly crossed his path, and instantly stopping, regarded his countenance, with a peculiar degree of scrutiny. The form of the stranger was envelloped in an ample cloak of sable die, as within the folds of which, he carefully concealed his countenance with his left hand, leaving only his eyes apparent to an observer.

O'Mara struck with the manner of this unknown, instantly made a pause, for the temperament of his soul was at that time such as bade defiance to any assaults of fear. On observing this, the stranger approached the conspirator, and in a low tone of voice exclaimed:

"If I mistake not, in thee I behold the form of a catholic?"

"Thou dost," replied O'Mara "and "one more staunch, ne'er took the sacra- "ment." "Are not those the initials of "thy name?" demanded the unknown, raising a sealed packet, the superscription of which was as follows:

"TO OUR FAITHFUL SON, M—O'M— "WE COMMEND THIS, IN THE NAME OF "THE BLESSED TRINITY."

"I answer to those initials," replied the conspirator.

"Then is this packet thine, and may "the blessings of mother church attend "thee Moor O'Mara, for such I believed "thee, spite of thy disguise, nor have I "erred in judgement."—Having conclu-

ded these words, the speaker gave the paper into the hands of the traitor, and speedily fled from his sight.

Moor, on receiving the packet, fixed his eyes upon the seals, whereby it was secured, the one displaying the representation of a lamb, over which appeared the words *Agnus Dei*, a small cross adorned the lower part of the impression and under were the words, *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. The other seal was surmounted by the papal crown, under which were crossed two keys the symbols of the Apostle Peter, accompanied by the word *Fides*.

O'Mara deeming it most expedient to break open the packet when alone, instantly thrust it in his bosom, and with hasty step bent his course to the spot where he had appointed to meet his part-

ner, whom he found awaiting his coming with all the anxiety which it may be conceived would actuate the bosom of such a woman as Mabel Donavan under the pressure of existing circumstances.

CHAP. IX.

Oh, 'tis a summons, grievous to my soul,
Yet heaven decrees, and marshal's me the way,
Forbidding all complainings.—To revolt,
Were but to taint my mind with coward fear,
And seal me for perdition.—

———Thou heretic nay worse;
A baby infidel to strike the cross
And turn to mockery, the damned deed:
Apostacy can go no further.

Farewell!—oh! heavy word, and must we part;
What? part to meet no more—must all my pangs,
My toils, and dangers shar'd in thy behalf
End in one last farewell!———
———Resign'd I meet my fate,
My reason tells me, if we part on earth,
We yet shall meet again in heaven.

HAVING fixed upon a place for their asylum, during the night, Moor and

Donavan thither bent their course in silence, both occupied in contemplations which had their origin in the occurrences of the eventful day.—They at length arrived at the habitation, where Donavan instantly prepared her wearied child for sleep: after which Moor acquainted her with the occurrence which had taken place, and then drew from his bosom the packet which had been committed to his charge.

Mabel in silence attended to the recital of her protector, and instigated by the most unconquerable curiosity, awaited with avidity the disclosure of the contents of the sealed parcel which had been delivered to Moor O'Mara.

The conspirator at length broke the seals, and found the papers to contain as fellows.—

"To the catholic Moor O'Mara our

" *will* is forwarded in the name of the holy trinity."

" Son of the church we greet thee ;"

" The decrees of heaven are inscrutable, " and the labours of the just may be " humbled, yet nothing should appal the " vigour of that mind which fervently " upholds the cause of heaven. No " longer will the confines of England " afford thee scope for action, the mighty " fabric is destroyed, and all attempts must " for a time prove nugatory. Haste thee " therefore, *without companion*, to the " Irish coast, *Tyrone* awaits thy services ; " this is commanded thee by those who " are the oracles of the apostolic father ; " let not the lack of gold deter thy pur- " pose, do but present thyself before the " emissary who hath hitherto supplied " thy wants, and thy necessities shall be " complied with. Be prompt, but as thy

" faith is fixed do we enjoin thee to pro-
" ceed as mother church decrees."

I. H. S.

Having first perused these lines internally, O'Mara then presented the mandate to Mabel, who conned o'er the page in silence till she came to the words " *with-* " *out companion*," at which dropping the paper she fixed her regard full upon the features of O'Mara, which were veiled with the frown of gloomy meditation, and after contemplating him awhile without any consciousness on his part of her having been so occupied, she then proceeded to the conclusion of the letter, when after a pause of some minutes, she thus broke the silence.

" Then we must part, O'Mara: it is
" decreed; superior claims demand thy
" services, and Mabel Donavan must bear
" the shock with equanimity."

Moor, whose hardened soul had scarcely ever felt the melting influence of pity, could not resist the impulse at this trying juncture, and with a stifled groan exclaimed.

" Would to heaven I had this morning
" died upon the scaffold. To what event-
" ful scenes may I now be exposed, ere
" death shall terminate my worldly pil-
" grimage.—Mabel! what too will be thy
" struggles in rearing yonder child, divested
" of thine accustomed protector; yet can I
" abjure my faith? can I be branded as a
" traitor to the cause, and live despised
" by those who honour me?—Detested
" thought, even my childish feelings
" shrink at such a contemplation, and my
" stern manhood upbraids me for irresolu-
" tion—No! Donavan never will seek to
" make me act the villain, or deviate from
" the track which I have pursued with an
" unvarying mind, she will teach me for-

" titude at the hour of separation, and by
" her example nerve me in the field to act
" with the desperation that befits a chris-
" tian soldier! What says Mabel, the
" mother of my offspring, the sharer of
" my vicissitudes, and the depository of
" my solemn secrets?"

A struggle of some moments ensued in the breast of Donavan, when shame at length usurped emporium o'er the host of feminine emotions that rent her inmost soul, when arising from the seat she advanced to O'Mara, and with steady dignity stretching forth her hand addressed him in a solemn tone of voice.

" Long have I been thy partner, Moor,
" and ever faithful to thy bed; I am the
" mother of thy infant boy! to my keep-
" ing hast thou confided the mysteries
" which so long lay pent up in thy manly
" bosom, nor shall it ere be said that I dis-

" honoured thee. If I possess feelings
" the greater is my struggle and the more
" praise-worthy will be my conduct in ful-
" filling the duty imposed upon me, to
" merit thine applause is all I now aspire
" to, therefore no act of mine shall urge
" thee to waver from the task imposed
" upon thee. It is sufficient that Moor
" O'Mara hath appealed to me, and by
" that appeal convinced me how much
" my presence was necessary to him;
" that I should crucify my emotions in
" order to alleviate a portion of his: I am
" no egotist in feeling, and since the cause
" demands it I will convince thee, Moor,
" with what equanimity I can sustain a
" separation from thee, which may per-
" haps prove eternal on this side of the
" grave.—My hope soars to another re-
" gion, where unfettered we shall enjoy
" the recompence of our sufferings here;
" let us aspire to it O'Mara, for we are
" the children of salvation."

On pronouncing the conclusive words Donavan tendered her hand to Moor, who pressed it with ardent zeal, after which he thus addressed her.

"Never can I sufficiently extol the "sentiments that have flowed from thy "lips, Mabel, because I know they are the "result of a well-tempered judgement, "and not the effervescence of transient "passion, I have little to impress on thy "mind, assured as I am that no conduct "when I am absent from thee will prove "inimical to those precepts which it has "been my practice to inculcate.—I only "claim of thee that Reginald O'Mara be "reared in the strict tenets of our faith, "guard over the expanding mind of my "young one, let thy unceasing lesson be "hatred to the protestant faith, and all its "adherents, and as time shall fit him for "the instruction be it then thy task to "acquaint him with the fate of my com-

" rades, and of O'Mara himself, should
" the vicissitudes of life snatch me from
" thee and him for ever."

After concluding these words O'Mara loosening his vest took from his loins, a leathern girdle, which he had ever worn, and after severing with a knife the workmanship which joined the parts together he produced a manuscript written on vellum and closely sealed up, which he instantly deposited in the hands of Mabel with this injunction.

" When I have left these shores Mabel,
" then may'st thou break those seals, and
" learn from the contents of this packet
" the history of the man to whom thou
" art indebted for the title of mother.—
" Then wilt thou be instructed how sacred
" are the ties that bind me to the faith I
" profess ; here were my forefathers stre-
" nuous in the maintenance of those prin-

" ciples for which I have hazarded every
" ignominy that awaits the most abhorred
" of culprits.—For the present, Donavan,
" will I bid thee adieu, the hour of dark-
" ness is my summons to attend, where
" all my wants shall be supplied for my
" intended journey to the Irish coast, whi-
" ther I shall this night set forward."

Having clasped Mabel in his arms, Moor articulated a farewell, and then hurried to perform his errand, while the thoughtful mother checking a rising tear seated herself beside her infant boy, and yielded her mind a prey to those pangs which she conceived herself at liberty to indulge in, while absent from the being who was alone the source of all her sufferings and ill-judged happiness.

There are seasons when the delusions of error can no longer mask the effulgent beams of truth, and such was the chain of

ideas which at this juncture took possession of the mind of Mabel Donavan in whose breast the catholic for a transient period vanished.

> *" And all the* WOMAN CAME *into her eyes ;*
> *" And gave her up to tears."*

" How sickning is my fate," exclaimed Mabel internally, " How wayward are the " chances of fortune so justly appreciated " by the invaluable number of her vic- " tims ; like a capricious wanton she la- " vishes her favours neglecting those who " most assiduously want her. In her " choice she is discriminate, but in her " gifts most persevering. Alas ! I am " not one who basks in the sunshine of " her smiles : Moor and myself were " born to quaff, from dire misfortune's " cup, and break the bread of bitterness " and dissappointment. O ! if I thought " our babe was born to share the destiny

" of those who gave him existence, (Jesu
" forgive me) but methinks even these
" my hands would terminate his groveling
" being."

As Mabel spake the gnawing fang of disappointment goaded her heart, she cursed internally the whole creation, and had no sigh left but for O'Mara, and her child. Actuated with these ideas, Donavan raised the infant, and placing it in her lap, regarded its countenance for a time in speechless agony, after which rivetting her eyes to earth she continued immersed in deepest thought, while Reginald fully awakened, stretched forth his little hands, and in the playfulness of infancy seized the very knife that lay upon the table, and with which O'Mara had previously cut open the belt containing the manuscript which he had given to the charge of Mabel Donavan.

The mother wholly absorbed in gloom, heeded not the action of her child, who after brandishing the weapon awhile in air, struck upon the breast of his parent; the blow instantaneously aroused Donavan, who wrenched the knife from her child, but what language can betray her horror, when she felt a cold damp trickle down her bosom, and on tearing aside the covering, found that the point of the blade had struck the sculptured breast of the ivory effigy of the Redeemer of the world, which always hung suspended from the neck of Mabel, while from the very spot issued a stream of blood.—

Hastily tearing the crucifix from the ribband the terrified Donavan held it in her trembling hand, when three large drops fell upon the forehead of the child Reginald; after which the current of blood stopped on the instant. From this petrifying object the attention of Mabel was at

length led towards the countenance of her child which was distorted by the most violent emotions of laughter. Blasted at this sight, which seemed to indicate the spirit of judaism in the soul of her infant offspring, a momentary frenzy seized the brain of Donavan.—

Encircled in her left arm lay the infant victim of her ire, while her right hand still grasped the fatal knife.—She raised the weapon, and poizing it in air, was in the very act of striking Reginald to the heart when at that moment the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Moor O'Mara, rushing forward tore the instrument of destruction from the vengeful mother's grasp, at the same time exclaiming.

"Is this the mother of my babe?—
"What means thy infuriate wrath, Ma-
"bel,—and must such then be the final

" scene I come to witness ere my depar-
" ture hence ?"

" Unhand me, Moor !" replied Donavan, struggling to disengage herself from his hold, while the violence of her passion almost impeded utterance.—

O'Mara having removed the babe, regarded Donavan with an emotion of intermingled horror and astonishment, while the mother with the malignancy of a fiend still bent her impressive eyes on the form of the child, which then unconscious of all that had transpired, lay encircled in the arms of Moor O'Mara. After a few moments pause the astonished father again broke silence.

" What momentary effervescence of
" passion can have prompted thee to ima-
" gine a deed so truly accursed ; speak
" Mabel, resolve a father's doubtings, nor

" leave me in suspence to conjure up
" ideas that may for ever blast thee in the
" eyes of him who feels for thee as the
" mother of his infant; and only son."

The last words were pronounced by Moor with an expression of feeling that even touched Mabel, for it was a trying moment, it was the fatal period, which was perhaps to part her from the man she reverenced with the enthusiasm of religious affection; one sympathetic feeling soon awakened a second, and the mother then pleading in extenuation of the only *moments* that would be left her of the being she adored, thus argued for a few short seconds.

" It is a babe, it is the flesh and blood
" of Moor O'Mara; can the action of the
" infant be intentional—impossible—Yet
" blood hath flowed—these eyes beheld
" the crimson stream."

A sickness at that moment overpowered the senses of Donavan, for the scruples of a catholic could not be repressed and her cheek assuming an ashy paleness, she fell senseless into the arms of Moor, who aware of the struggles that prevaded his partner, had placed the child upon the bed that he might yield assistance and support her agitated frame.

Having applied such remedies as were essential to the revival of Mabel; she at length unclosed her eyes, and fixing them with an expression of gratitude on the features of Moor, speedily assumed her wonted energy when she thus bespoke him.

"Deem me not O'Mara, a worthless "sharer of thine affections, neither mis-"construe the conduct of her, who has "been the partaker of all thy dangers and "vicissitudes of fortune; for had thy feel-"ings been wrought to such a pitch as

" mine, not even all my energies would
" have prevented thee from the completion
" of that act, which had so nearly stained
" my soul, and doom'd me to eternal
" remorse."

Donavan then proceeded to relate the action of the infant, in having struck the Crucifix with the weapon, without however explaining the ominous appearance of the blood which had flowed from the image; being well assured that a faithful recapitulation of the whole occurrence, would have doom'd the child to immediate Death.

The relation however as partially made by Mabel, produced a strong impression on the mind of O'Mara, his eyes assumed an air of gloomy thoughtfulness, and his visage underwent a variety of changes as he advanced to the reclining infant, and regarded its form in speechless contempla-

tion,—Donavan, whose vengeance had subsided, felt only as a mother at the present juncture, and agitated for the welfare of her offspring, she approached O'Mara and gently raising his hand endeavoured to soften the rigour of his soul, which was so legibly written on his gloomy countenance by thus addressing him.

"Crimes should only be appreciated
"Moor, according to the intent of the ac-
"tor, and how then could Reginald inten-
"tionally commit a crime of which he is
"not conscious, his infancy should indu-
"bitably plead his cause in thy esteem,
"O'Mara, as it now doth in the breast of
"his mother."

Mabel paused, when Moor elevating his dark eyes fixed them on the countenance of his partner, and with a penetrating look demanded while a sneer involuntarily played on his visage.

"If such be thy opinion at this time, "Donavan, whence proceeded that pre-"meditated action which was intended to "hurl destruction on the babe?"

"I was actuated by the momentary im-"pulse of indignation," replied Mabel, as if aware of the interrogatory which would ensue.

"Can'st thou then reprehend my con-"duct?" demanded O'Mara, sullenly, "when from thy lips the cursed action "was detailed?"

"No, my O'Mara, I do not blame thy "agitation, but I would have thee go-"verned by the self same argument that "now convinces me of my error."

After a few minutes pause Moor replied.

"I yield to the justice of thine appeal, "though I confess a burthen weighs upon "my soul, nor can I look upon yon infant "without the keenest sensation of anguish. "May Jesu guide him in the true paths of "catholicism, or may he die the most ac-"cursed of infidels."

On concluding these words O'Mara turning towards Mabel, thus continued his address.—

"I have executed my errand, and have "supplies, my Donavan, not only amply "sufficient for the completion of my pur-"posed journey hence, but upon my repre-"sensation of *thy* conduct in the catholic "cause, I have procured for thee ample "means for thy provision during my ab-"sence from thee."

O'Mara then drew from beneath his

vest, a leathern purse, which he deposited in the hand of Donavan, saying:

"Therein is gold sufficient to supply "thy utmost wishes, use it Mabel, as thy "discretion shall dictate, for none is better "calculated to act with caution, than thy-"self.—And now must I take a long fare-"well, thou most tried of woman," continued Moor, "the hour of midnight fast "approacheth, and at that juncture must "I take to horse, according to the man-"date of my holy directors?—Didst thou "but know Mabel what anguish rives my "soul, couldst thou but read the bleed-"ing record on my heart, then wouldst thou "at once confess, that Moor was not a "stranger to thy worth; nor should the "call of mundane power, thus tear me "from thee: 'tis heaven commands, and "I must silently obey the dread decree; "for we pursue the paths of true salva-

" tion, and thorny is the road, that leads
" eventually to everlasting happiness."

Donavan with open arms received the close embrace of him she reverenced; in vain her dauntless bosom strove to check the rising flood of anguish, it gushed forth impetuously and as the tears bedewed her cheeks they fell in copious drops upon the bosom of O'Mara, who still pressed her to his aching heart.

" Great God can this be Moor; am I
" myself?" exclaimed O'Mara in convulsive accents, " when have such feelings
" ever touched my soul before; I live to
" taste of second childhood, yes tis Mabel
" hath commanded and Moor no longer is
" the master of himself, but yields to ten-
" derness and melting pity."

As the catholic concluded this ejaculation, he burst from Mabel's close lock'd

arms, and staggering backwards a few paces concealed for a time his visage in his open hands, during this juncture Donavan proceeding to the bed raised up her infant and approaching its father caught his hand and elevating the babe exclaimed in tender accents.

"This is thy Son dear Moor, look on "thy flesh; nor leave thy boy without one "last paternal benediction."

Moor withdrew the hand that still concealed his visage and bending his eyes upon the child, with an expression of mingled sorrow and dread, at length seized the little Reginald and after imprinting kisses on his lips, raised him in his left hand towards heaven, and then reclining on one knee offered up the following ejaculation in the most impressive and solemn accents.

"To the watchful eye of omnipotence "do I commit thee, so long as the faith of "thy forefathers shall characterize thy "every action, but if thou failest to be a "catholic thou wilt become without the "the pale of happiness hereafter, and then "do I disclaim thee."

O'Mara then delivering Reginald into the hands of Donavan proceeded thus.

"To thy mother's charge do I commit "thee; mayst thou follow her precepts and "merit hereafter the bright reward of "those who bear without repining the "cross of that divinity whose blood was "the Redemption of all true believers."

O'Mara arose; he once more caught Mabel to his throbbing bosom "fare-"well" he cried "to continue longer "would impede my purpose and quite "overcome the vigour of my soul, Fare-

"well—farewell—may all the host of "angels guard thee."

As Moor concluded this ejaculation he burst from the chamber with the utmost precipitancy, while Mabel uttering one faint adieu, sunk speechless on the bed beside her little infant.

CHAP. X.

Is such thine ancestry? then by my soul,
Rather, had I been dung-hill born; and bred,
With wand'ring pedlars, and their gipsy trulls,
Whose trade is lying, and who vegetate,
Like brutes in ditches.———
Or let me rather boast the wild-man's name,
From Hottentot descendant.—For then
I should not call on heav'n, to sanction deeds,
At which a savage shudders.———

I've seen a lion feed upon its prey,
And Tigers gorge on entrails of the slain;
Hast thou beheld such bloody banquetings?
Yes: I have seen creation's paragon,
The lord of brutes; the god-like creature man,
With savage pleasure, crop the bud of life,
From new-born infancy.—I have seen this,
And then blaspheme his God—by vaunting loud,
'Twas thou command'st me to enact the deed.

THE torpor of anguish like the fascinating eye of the basilisk, lulls for a time the wound

of grief, only to usher in accumulated pangs, and rive the unsuspecting heart. For a period the spell of calm oblivion ensteeped the senses of Mabel Donavan ; wrapped in the mantle of peace she became unconscious of her loss and dead to every sublunary sense of bodily suffering.—Happy had it proved for the mourner, could the annihilating trance have continued, and her feelings have been sealed in death, but Donavan awoke to a recollection of her forlorn situation, and casting a retrospective eye on scenes long since past, she gave vent to the anguished groan, while the big tears stole involuntarily from her sunken eyes.

" I am left," quoth Mabel, " yes Moor
" hath quitted me, perhaps for ever, and
" all those fond scenes which warm affec-
" tion had imprinted on my fancy are now
" no more. How wayward is the fate of
" human nature, how little are we to de-

" pend on sublunary appearances, like the
" bright radiance of a summer's day all
" wears for a time the smiling aspect of
" delight, but little do we dream that one
" short moment drifts a murky cloud
" before that resplendent luminary of the
" world, when all becomes shadowed, dark,
" and cheerless, and even such is now
" the soul of Donavan."

Mabel paused for a time, and as the glistning tears chased each other down her melancholy visage, she unconsciously raised her hand to wipe them from her bosom.—

" What a succession of events have
" within a short period characterized my
" wayward life, from a state of maiden
" modesty I have surrendered my inno-
" cence and made myself dependent for
" happiness on the will of another. I
" have a double tie, this child too pleads

" for its absent father, and calls forth the
" attentions of a mother. I have leagued
" myself the ardent votary of the faith
" which I profess. I have enlisted myself
" a conspirator—and all for what?—for
" the being who has usurped eternal em-
" porium over my every action, and who
" hath even now left me, prompted by the
" dictates of that very faith which hath so
" irrevocably fixed me his on this side of
" the grave. What is human felicity and
" what are the pursuits of frail mortality?
" Happiness is an air-drawn phantasy and
" those who conceive themselves most
" benefited by its smiles, are soon proved
" but the dupes of their own mental
" reveries. From henceforth I will blot
" out from the calendar of my days all
" thoughts of pleasure, the world is nought
" to me, and I am insignificance itself
" when placed on the grand scale of exis-
" tence,—bitterness is my lot and if my
" feeble powers can impart a share of that

"gall to any of the human species, it shall "be my study to make them partakers of "my misery, for to a mind so trebly "cursed as Mabel Donavan's, vengeance "can alone impart a ray of sickly pleasure, "and warm the soul with exultation. "Hold !" exclaimed Mabel after a moment's pause, while her gaze was bent steadfastly on the form of her child, "I "have another instrument within my "power which may be trained by my "councils to vindicate *my* wrongs and "those of Moor O'Mara, lo! here in this "my boy, will I infuse the precepts of "hatred to all mankind, even he shall "prove the scourge of those who have "pursued us, and hurl perhaps the ven-"geance of a catholic even on kings them-"selves.—I feel an inspiration that assures "me he is born to wonderous deeds, may "they be such as will appease the ran-"cour of my breast and give me the con-

"solation I pant for at the hour of dis-
"solution."

Having concluded this ejaculation, Donavan sunk into a state of gloomy contemplation, while a variety of plans (the dictates of the most diabolical vengeance) rose in quick succession on her fancy and fed her gloom with the fond assurance of sanguinary retribution.

After the lapse of the given time from the departure of Moor O'Mara for the Irish coast, Mabel Donavan, after having assumed the name of Mabel Scroope, according to the order of Moor O'Mara, his appellation having acquired a publicity on account of his known connection with the gunpowder plot, and the rewards for his apprehension, which must have endangered the life of herself, and perhaps given the clue to the place of his flight, then prepared for the perusal of the manuscript

placed in her hands by the conspirator, and in order that no interruption might occur to wean her attention from the desired communication she awaited till the hour of night, when having witnessed the slumbers of her child, she trimmed the lamp, and drawing from her bosom the papers, broke the seal and found the contents to run as follows :—

ANCESTRY

OF THE CATHOLIC MOOR O'MARA.

THE soil of Ireland first nurtured the race from which I sprung, and from the remotest period when the apostolic faith found sanctuary in that dear land, were my progenitors staunch adherents of its cause. To trace the lineal descent of the O'Mara's would be impracticable,—some found the path of honour in the blood

stained field of war, and many sought their soul's salvation in the tranquil shades of monastic seclusion ; no one was branded with the name of traitor to his chieftan, nor was there one who proved apostate to his faith; in maintaining the independence of our native land against the incursions of foreign invaders were the O'Mara's ever foremost, nor would they have bartered Erin's freedom for the empire of the world.—Such constituted the characteristic features of the souls from whence I sprung, and may such ever prove the incentives of Moor O'Mara's actions.

On the arrival of that baleful epoch which has sealed so many for damnation, by planting the standard of heresy in this realm of England, under that sensual and despotic tyrant Henry the eighth, Dennis O'Mara, my grandsire, then lived the firm opponent of the hellish doctrine, being at that epoch commander of a troop

in the defence of his native land, in vain were his most strenuous endeavours set on foot to preserve his country's independence; in vain did he league against the growing influence of English Henry, he lived to see that monarch proclaimed the king of Ireland, and left the army in disgust, while burning with hatred against the English race, he soon after left the coast of Erin and with his son arrived in safety on the land of those who had dishonoured the soil of his progenitors.

The first care of Dennis O'Mara was to ally himself with those who were inimical to the doctrines of the arch fiend, Luther, and boldly denied the king's supremacy; in the plots of the Lord Darcie, the Lord Hussey, and other gentlemen of note, my grandsire took an active part, and with infinite difficulty did he escape the fate of those honourable men, who together with William Thrift, the

Abbot of Fountains, and Anthony, Prior of Gervaux, with many more of equal sanctity were most inhumanly put to death.

Dennis O'Mara being with others straight proclaimed, he left the northern parts disguised and came to London only to behold the Lady Bulmer burned in Smithfield, and the Lord Darcie beheaded on Tower Hill, while the staunch Lord Hussey met at Lincoln with the self same fate.

In the councils of Henry Marquis of Exeter, the Lord Montacute, and Sir Henry Neville, did my ancestor the next engage, but with the same ill fate, for all those nobles met their doom on the sanguinary scaffold, at Tower-hill, while Dennis O'Mara alone survived to mourn the fate of those he loved, and seek new scenes for action.

Oh! with what bitter anguish did my forefather view the bloody execution of the noble Countess of Salisbury, her inoffensive life, her age, and the royal blood that flowed within her veins, could not plead for her with the insatiate Henry, he signed the warrant for her death, without a thrill of soft compassion, while she unfortunate dame untainted by any guilty act, and burning with the pride, inherent in her soul, denied the power that doom'd her to her fate, and scorn'd to bend the neck to an ignoble executioner, thus armed with heroism, she struggled for a while, and claimed the pity of the gaping crowd who saw with doleful moans, the noble lady levelled to the earth, and mangled by the butcher's axe, where she resigned her soul, into the keeping of the beatified Mary, the immaculate mother of the God of catholics.

Next to my grandsire's purpose appeared

Sir Felix Grey, who leagued with Dennis Mara, fired the mansion of Sir John Williams, who filled the trusty office of keeper of the king's jewels the whole of which were burned or stolen away by the surrounding rabble, while those who wrought the deed escaped alike unknown and unsuspected.

Unceasing in his machinations no plot was formed but Dennis proved an indefatigable friend, till the event arrived of Henry's death, which left the throne of England to his youthful son, the stripling Edward who nurtured in the lap of apostacy strove to re-establish the infernal doctrines which had been sanctioned by his father; to answer the purposes of his insatiate lust and inordinate ambition.

As the determined spirit of Henry, seemed to animate the soul of Edward, new plots were set on foot and secret en-

deavours made, to hold a correspondence with the Princess Mary, who was well known to be an advocate for the true faith and a friend to the persecuted catholics, in this undertaking Dennis O'Mara was the person fixed upon to bear dispatches to the princess, and for this purpose he had had frequent interviews with Edmund Bonner, bishop of London; the faithful servant of the most high, and the great luminary of all true catholics.

Upon this occasion my great progenitor anxious to seal the felicity of his offspring, placed his son Patrick O'Mara, then fifteen years of age under the guidance of Bishop Bonner, who together with Stephen Gardner, bishop of Winchester, instilled into his mind the leading principles of rigid catholicism; after which he was placed under the care of father Sebastiano a Spanish monk, of the order of saint Dominick and a secret emissary of the holy in-

quisition, who remained in England for the divine purpose of ovethrowing heresy by forwarding all secret machinations and plots against the sovereign, Edward, and the rights and liberties of England.

Such were the characteristic features of the holy man who was deputed to watch over the son of Dennis O'Mara and fit the mind of my father to persevere in those tenets which can alone conduce to the soul's eternal salvation.

Affairs were thus situated when Dennis O'Mara repaired to the princess Mary with the packets committed to his charge; he found the royal lady occupied in devout meditation, her soul bent on petitioning the Almighty to turn the heart of her brother Edward from his perverse belief, or else to take his soul at once into his holy keeping, that she might restore the banished faith in all its force and hurl de-

struction on the heads of those who had combined to overthrow it.

On perusing the letters of bishop Bonner, and my lord of Winchester, a secret satisfaction was depicted on her visage, and her assent was given to their several propositions, while assurances of her most gracious protection were heaped upon my grandsire Dennis O'Mara who ere his departure, was allowed to kiss her princely hand.

Flushed with the success of his expedition Dennis returned to London, when to his inexpressible grief he found my lord of Winchester in close confinement in the tower, for preaching before king Edward in favour of the holy faith, while numerous persons were placed as spies in order to betray if possible the resolute Edmund Bonner and seal him for perdition; these efforts, however, were for a time unsuc-

cessful, and the good bishop of London with indefatigable zeal prepared to conduct alone those schemes in which my lord of Winchester was to have taken such an active part, while Dennis O'Mara was to have conducted as before, the secret communications which were to be forwarded to the princess Mary, when suddenly the hand of heaven fell heavily upon him, for among the first who became victims of the dreadful pestilence that ravaged London, was Dennis O'Mara, who had however sufficient time to exhort his son to persevere in the belief which had been inculcated in his mind, and establish by fire and sword the true religion, after which with execrations in his mouth against king Edward and the race of heretics, my grandsire Dennis O'Mara, yielded up his breath, leaving my father, then thirteen years of age, to grieve for the loss he had sustained and profit by the righteous councils of his religious sire.

At this part of the manuscript Mabel paused for a time, actuated by sentiments of respect for the grandsire of the man she had selected as her protector for life, and feeling reverence for his character as a true disciple of the faith she followed.

"Yes," exclaimed Mabel, internally, "*my* resolute Moor O'Mara is worthy the "family from whence he sprung: Oh! if "the spirit of his grandsire views from on "high the traits of heroism, which have "characterized his proceedings in the "cause of catholicism, then must he re-"joice in the persevering conduct of his "representative, who deems his existence "but a secondary consideration, when "summoned into action by the cause of "heaven."—

Donavan again paused for a time, when fixing her eyes once more upon the ma-

nuscript of Moor O'Mara, she continued the recital, which proceeded thus.

THE LIFE OF

PATRICK O'MARA.

PATRICK O'MARA on the demise of his parent, although yet of puerile years, yielded not to those effeminate emotions, which could have been productive of no good effect, and disdained to shed the tear of pusillanimity in which resolution he was further strengthened by his guardian and tutor, Sebastiano, the monk, who sedulously inculcated in the mind of his eleve those stern virtues, which should ever mark the conduct of a catholic, who is resolved to enforce his doctrine by the commission of any act, and who rather

than fail in conquering the obstinacy of heretics, should bury his own hands in the blood of his fellow-creatures. Having these principles instilled into his mind, and the disposition of my parent Patrick O'Mara being calculated to nurture such tenets, he made a rapid progress in all those doctrines which were calculated to forward our cause, and undermine the false fabric which was then rearing its infernal head to the total annihilation of all true religion, and the consequent perdition of the English race.

Scarcely had twelve months transpired from the demise of Dennis O'Mara, when Edmund Bonner was seized and sent from Lambeth to the Marshalsea, where he was kept in close confinement for a Sermon preached by him at the cross at Pauls, which gave offence to the arch Heretic King Edward,—this step threw a damp on the hopes of the faithful, amongst whom

father Sebastiano and Patrick O'Mara were not the least conspicuous in testifying their sorrow, while the princess Mary being thus bereft of both her counsellors (the bishops of Winchester and London) became a prey to the most gloomy meditations, and as if the sacrilegious machinations of the court were intended to bid defiance to the cause of Heaven, the righteous Bonner for disobedience to the King's mandate in a religious point, was shortly after deprived of his bishoprick and sentenced to undergo the most painful incarceration, these rigorous measures and the vigilant proceedings of the court, quelled for a time all the plans which had been previously constructed for the overthrow of Edward and the placing princess Mary on that throne, which she was so calculated to occupy to the extirpation of all sceptics in the true belief. Thus for a time the catholic cause seemed to droop, the saints of mother church were trampled under foot, the sanctuaries

of religion were violated and the scourge of omnipotence appeared directed against the faithful servants of his redeeming son, as a punition for some dire offence committed against his sacred will.—But these ill omens were but of short duration, the heretic king Edward suddenly sickened at Greenwich, (thanks to the poison of our friends) when at the age of sixteen he terminated his earthly career, to share the future torments which are reserved for all who waver from the faith of heaven.

No sooner were these welcome tidings spread abroad, than exultation swelled the soul of every catholic, while sorrow struck the heart of each unbeliever, 'twas now our turn to wield the sceptre of control, to show the dungeon, to clank the fetter, to exercise the instruments of torture, and rear on high the flaming brand of exterminating fire. Oh welcome hour! the cross appeared, surrounded

with two fold rays of glory; in vain had pusillanimous Edward, by an act of illegality, endeavoured to continue his pernicious doctrines, by nominating in his will the lady Jane Grey (an heretic like himself) to succeed him in the government of the realm; her claims were despised, and she with her husband, father, and her whole usurping race ended on the block, their career of heresy and rebellion.

Scarcely had the gracious Mary ascended the throne when all the disgraced prelates and imprisoned nobles were restored to their dignities, estates, and honours, and Edmund Bonner among the rest issued forth a fulminating brand in whose grasp was vested the scourge of heretics, this was indeed the scene for action, the monk, Sebastiano, well aware of how great utility Patrick O'Mara might prove in times of such eventful import, instantly repaired with my father,

then only nineteen years of age, to the palace of Edmund Bonner, who in remembrance for the services rendered by Dennis O'Mara, and the promises which he had made to him, instantly took my father under his especial care, who together with the holy monk, Sebastiano, formed the secret council of the bishop of London, notwithstanding Patrick O' Mara's youth, he being so strenuously recommended by the father of Saint Dominick, for his determined resolution in upholding the papal dignity, and his stern manners, when any theme of pity occurred, which might have touched with sensibility the most determined heart.—Such was the man for Bonner's purposes, and such I glory to add, was mine own father.

While hundreds who had triumphed in their apostacy were daily experiencing the lash of my father's just and religious ven-

geance under the sanctoin of his patron, Edmund Bonner, the indefatigable monk Sebastiano, skilled in the tortures inflicted in the holy inquisition, (of which he was a worthy member) instructed Patrick O' Mara in the necessary modes of proceedure on such occasions, which he adopted with unvarying zeal, and by which means he proved himself worthy his benefactor, and justly entitled to the praises lavished on him by his holy instructor Sebastiano, the monk of Saint Dominick.

During these proceedings in the cause of our religion, arrived Count Egmont, ambassador from the emperor, in order to conclude the marriage between his son king Philip of Spain and queen Mary of England, when the treaty being concluded upon, notwithstanding the opposition of the rebel, Sir Thomas Wyat, and his followers, many of whom, together with

their leader suffered the just punition of the law, Prince Philip arrived at Southampton, and the marriage was shortly after solemnized at London, between that Prince and Mary of England to the excessive joy of all who wished well to the cause of catholicism.

Now blazed the welcome fires in Smithfield acceptable offerings to offended heaven, and a just retribution for the injuries heaped upon the followers of the faith, at one of these spectacles a scene occurred worthy the character of Patrick O'Mara, a female heretic even at the stake supported her damnable tenets, in vain did the monk Sebastiano tender her the crucifix and exhort her to abjure her sinful persuasion, she was hardened against conviction, and the gates of salvation were closed upon her; the flames arose, and as her pregnant body was consuming, the agony

of pain gave birth* to the offspring she had borne, when one of the executioners, an half-fledged catholic, yielding to sinful commiseration, caught the infant from the devouring flames, 'twas then the mother craved some mercy on its head, and begged in pity salvation for the child.

"Such pity will I show," returned the indignant Sebastiano, "as is the due of "heresy; "villain," continued the reverend father addressing himself to the pitying slave who held the infant, "cast that "little heretic into the flames or dread "my fury."

The villain unmindful of the order,

* The pregnancy of an unfortunate female burned in the Isle of Man, and delivered during her torments, is detailed in Fox's Book of Martyrs, as well as the sanguinary measure above related, of casting the baby into the flames that it might share the fate of its suffering parent.

fixed his eyes upon the child, and then upon Sebastiano, who feeling indignant at the churl's tardiness, bade him as he tendered dear his soul's salvation to cast the babe into the fire, but instead of obedience, the miscreant placed the little one upon the ground and turned aside in horror.

At that instant Patrick O'Mara rushing forward, struck to earth the disobedient executioner, and seizing the infant cast it in the flames at the feet of its expiring mother, exclaiming " Go damned heretic, " and as thou wast borne by thy mother " in this world, so now shalt thou bear " her company in the regions of hell, fit " sanctuary for such defilers of the faith " of God."

Mabel Donavan paused and dropped the manuscript, a sickening thrill pervaded every faculty, for though she was

alive to the tenets of the most rancorous catholicism, she nevertheless felt at that moment, that she was a mother. One thought rapidly succeeded another in her mind, and something like doubt seemed to taint her fancy. "Curse on all heretics, she mentally exclaimed, even I a woman would at this moment annihilate the monarch and the rulers of this land, but could I have so sacrificed a babe? was the young one amenable to the sins of its parent, was it not innocent, and could it not have been reared in the path of salvation?"—A qualm of conscience struck the heart of Donavan—Again she was lost in conjecture—Yet a father of the faith, a monk of Saint Dominic sanctioned the deed, and Moor O'Mara's father was the perpetrator. "I must banish thought, even surmise or doubt is criminal, if it was evil Sebastiano was to blame, and must abide the act, Patrick O'Mara too was innocent, for he obeyed the mandate

of the functionary of heaven—Yet hold; hold; resumed Mabel, what was the impulse of the executioner that would not act the part of Patrick O'Mara? He too was a catholic, a hireling, a churl, and yet for him the babe was harmless—I am bewildered, doubt succeeds to doubt, and even Religion's self requires the spur to distance my conjectures.—Perhaps this internal struggle proclaims me a truant to my duty, yet can I war against the sentiments that flow spontaneous from my soul.—No not even O'Mara's presence could subdue my thoughts, they might indeed be dumb, but they would no less pervade my mind and lead me through the mazes of inexplicable doubt.—

"I will pursue the narrative," continued Donavan, re-opening the manuscript, almost unconscious of the action, "Yes, I will obliterate if possible these "unhallowed strictures which debase my

"soul, and contaminate the pure faith
"which I profess."

Mabel Donavan again fixed her eyes upon the paper, but in vain, she could not lull to rest her mental cogitations, and after reading awhile, unconscious of the subject, she closed the manuscript, and immersed in a train of thinking, sought repose upon her pallet, just as the beams of early morning broke in ruddy streaks upon the eastern horizon.

END OF VOL. I.

Arliss & Huntsman, Printers, 32, Gutter-lane, Cheapside.

BOUND BY
HNM

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 084214128